

BAD NEWZ

£2.00
THIS ISSUE

✱ **M.D.C.**

THE PISSSED BOYS

DIE TROTEL

NAUSEA PHOTOS

SINK MANHATTAN

MECCA NORMAL

PUNKTURE • PUNKTURE

OVER 200 RE

VIEWS • SHOWS

ZEENS, MUSIC

ISSUE NO. 9



EXISTENTIAL

HORROR

BAD

NEWZ

Cassene

LINE #6

Voice of Americanism

Side A

NICK TOCCEK: Things to Be on a Saturday Night
MUMBLES: Communication Breakdown (yeah, it's a Zeppelin cover)
SINK MANHATTAN: Death of Speech
R.A.L.F.: Excerpt from Def Barz
DAVE HUBERMAN: Fake Gold
MDL: Dumpster Diving
GENERATION WASTE: Unity
THE MALLMEN: Excerpt from It Was Not A Good Day
DIE TROTTEL: Excerpt from Demo

Side B

VAN GOGHS EAR: Annual Blowoff
GENERATION WASTE: Another Alternative
BLOOD IMPULSE ACTIVISTS: Norm Gear Offering
VICTOR POISON TETE: Get Out of My Head
STINKY FINGER: Fagbasher
RHYTHM ACTIVISM: Americaca
BOB Z: The Fuhrer of His Country
VAN GOGHS EAR: Who's Gunna Try
PARASITES: If You Knew
R.A.L.F.: Excerpt from Def Barz

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ARTISTS+WRITERS UND.
(CHECKS? C/O SARRIS BOOK MARKETING
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"STOP-G.R.O."

VAGINA# 17

There are profane thoughts, indeed, but
There are no profane things, deeds, times, places, and life-forms
So says my Lord who is All.
Even
Mutrakartr.

DONNY THE PUNK

ALERT! DANGEROUS MOLESTERS IN SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC PLACES

BEWARE OF WEIRD CULT WHICH

- ...uses promises of money, jobs, and other favors to recruit people
- ...indoctrinates beginners in an armed camp until they're thoroughly brainwashed
- ...employs terror, assassination, murder, and threats thereof
- ...is particularly interested in the young and those who follow orders without question
- ...holds against their will members who wish to leave
- ...goes by many aliases: The Service, military, Armed Forces, ROTC, JROTC, recruiters, Defense, Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, National Guard, Green Berets, Strategic Air Command (SAC), RDSF (Rapid Deployment Strike Force), Delta Force, Red Army of USSR, Israeli Defense Force, Royal Jordanian Army, Canadian Armed Forces, Forces of Republic of Korea, etc., etc., etc.

Keep a sharp lookout for "recruiters" or "draft boards" who might attempt to entice or force you into one of these sinister branches of the cult. They've been seen in YOUR neighborhood.

art is none of my-

Bob Z.

i get bored of vincent van gogh
cuz art is none of my business, daddy-o!
i don't give a shit about the Milk Bar
i hope somebody blows up the Lone Star
and how about starting a fire in the Scrap Bar?
i can stay home and dream all night
and be just as happy as a moth by the porch light
i don't need any art galleries
and they don't need me
you see,
art is none of my business, daddy-o!
i'm unsophisticated
i don't know how it feels to be important
i'm not in any art community
i don't spend my summers in the Hamptons
it turns my guts to see all those perfect haircuts
i got nothing to show
cuz art is none of my business, daddy-o!

neckties can

Ties make men stupid says new research that blames the common necktie for lower pulse rate and blood pressure, vision problems and slower reaction times.

"If a man wears a collar or necktie that is 1/2 inch smaller than his neck size there is an immediate decrease in physiological functions," said Prof. Susan Watkins of Cornell University.

"Tight ties and collars can cause weakness and fainting. They put pressure on the carotid artery, the main source of blood flow to the brain. They have a major effect on the senses and on brain-function,

"And when they loosened ties and collars and were measured again, we found that there was no immediate improvement.

"This could mean that longer range problems with vision or with the carotid artery may be caused by wearing restrictive clothing at the neck."

make men stupid!



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shitworkers:

b'ob mcglynn
pat mooney
ed powers
jude ranch
anna malicious
bob z

contributing bedwetters:

jude ranch
chris caggiano
john eberly
ed powers
fred woodworth
chris winkler
b'ob mcglynn
pat mooney
julia battagliini
tom scout
jean smith
ace backwords
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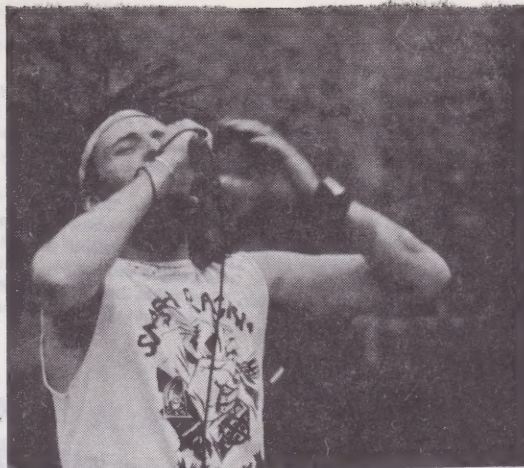
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our mailing address may soon change, but for the time being remains:
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125 e.23rd St. #300
new york, ny 10010



TO CHANGE



LIVE SHOW INVESTIGATION: MECCA NORMAL,
BILL GREGORY AT ANARCHIST SWITCHBOARD,
5/13/88.

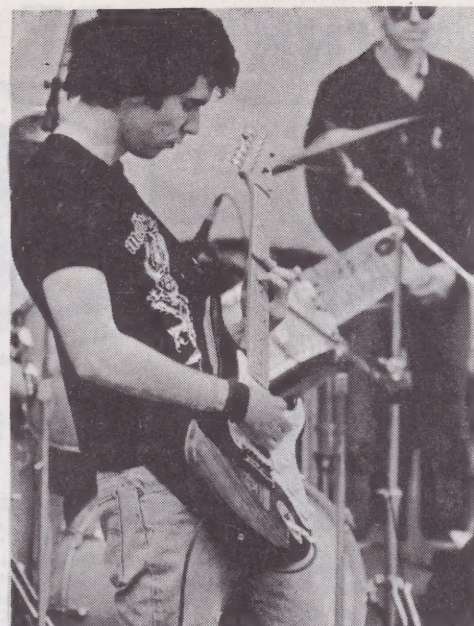
THE ANARCHIST SWITCHBOARD, A SMALL BASEMENT ROOM IN THE EAST VILLAGE, BLAH BLAH, BLAH, PLAYED HOST TO VANCOUVER CANADA'S HARD ROCKING PUNK-FOLK DUO, MECCA NORMAL, AND THE ALL AROUND TALENTED NICE GUY WITH LONG HAIR, A BEARD AND 12-STRING GUITAR, LONG ISLAND'S BILL GREGORY. BILL'S ANY OF SEVERAL WEASLES BAND HAS BROKEN UP, BUT HE STILL WRITES SONGS AND WHIPS DOWN THE FRETS EVERY MONTH OR TWO AT VARIOUS SHOWS, TOTALLY SOLO. THERE WUZ ABOUT A DOZEN PEOPLE COMFORTABLY LOUNGED IN THE ROOM TAKIN IT ALL IN, AND ANOTHER 25 OR SO EAST VILLAGE SNOOTBALLS RIGHT UP THE STAIRS, YOWLING AT THE GRAND OPENING OF A NEW CHIC YUPPIE FASHION BOUTIQUE. I NOTICED THESE PEOPLE AS I APPROACHED THE PLACE, THINKING THEY HAD COME FOR THE SHOW...I SOON FOUND OUT THAT THEY WERE THERE FOR THE HI-FASHION BOUTIQUE OPENING INSTEAD...I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. THAT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE NOW IN NEW YORK, ESPECIALLY IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, AND IT'S DUMB TO EXPECT ANY DIFFERENT.

ANYWAY IT WUZ ABOUT AS INTIMATE DOWN THERE AS ANY CONCERT IS GONNA GET DAVE LESTER, MN'S GUITARIST, WUZ WHALING, POUNDING, AND HACKING AWAY WITH HIS AXE WHILE JEAN SMITH'S VOCALS SORTA HUNG IN THE AIR LIKE CLUMPS OF SOUND, THE TWO OF THEM COMPLEMENTING EACH OTHER WELL. DAVE GOT PRETTY WORKED UP AND HIS ENTHUSIASM WUZ CONTAGIOUS, AND I FOUND THE RADICAL POLITICAL ORIENTATION OF JEAN SMITH'S LYRICS AND HER UNPRETENSIOUS STAGE PRESENCE AN INSPIRING MIX. ONE THING IS FOR SURE, THESE PEOPLE ARE FOR REAL AND THEY MEAN EVERY WORD AND EVERY NOTE THEY ARE PUTTING ACROSS...AND THEY ARE PUTTING IT OUT THERE IN ORDER TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, TO OPEN PEOPLE'S EYES IF THAT'S POSSIBLE, EVEN IF IT ISN'T. MN WENT ON TO PLAY THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AT TIN PAN ALLEY BEFORE LEAVING FOR SEVERAL DATES

THROUGHOUT THE ZEEN,

WHO DO THE REVIEWS?
THE REVIEW CREW.
THE REVIEW CREW IS:

JR= Jude Ranch
CC= Chris Caggiano
EP= Ed Powers
Z= Bob Z
JS= Jean Smith
PC= Philadelphia Crew



3
NAUSEA, NEIL +
VICTOR, SINGIN AND
WHALIN OUT IN CENTRAL
PARK, ON MAY DAY
THIS YEAR. PHOTOS
COURTESY NEIL +
FRIEND W/CAMERA.

IN EUROPE...THIS SMALL AUDIENCE WAS ENTHUSIASTIC AND APPRECIATIVE... SORTOF FUNNY WHEN SOMEONE STARTED TO WALK OUT TOWARD THE END OF MN'S SET, HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS "STEVE" AND APOLOGIZED FOR LEAVING, AND DAVE THE GUITARIST SEZ "OH YEAH, I REMEMBER YOU, HI STEVE--BYE STEVE..." AND EVERYONE SORTA NODS, WINKS, AND LAUGHS...

I SAW BILL GREGORY DO SEVERAL OF HIS ORIGINAL TUNES IN BETWEEN MECCA NORMAL'S TWO SETS, AND THE SONG "CALLIGRAPHY" STUCK IN MY MIND WHEN THE SHOW WUZ OVER. THOSE OBSCURE LYRICS..."WHAT ARE YOU, ARE YOU INSA-AY-AY-ANE?" IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO PULL OFF A GOOD SOLO ACT, CUZ YOU HAVE TO PUT A LOT INTO IT TO MAKE IT GO...BILL'S SINGING AND PLAYING WUZ MORE ENERGETIC THAN IN THE PAST, BUT IN MY HUMBLE OPINION HIS ACT WOULD BE BETTER IF HE RELATED MORE DIRECTLY AND PERSONALLY TO THE AUDIENCE AS OPPOSED TO CONCENTRATING SO MUCH ON THE PROPER PRESENTATION OF HIS MATERIAL...WHICH IS IMPORTANT TOO, BUT THE AUDIENCE IN A FOLKY SORTA SETTING WANTS MOST OF ALL TO BE SPOKEN TO DIRECTLY... WHICH IS NOT TO SAY THAT OLE BILL DOESN'T DO THAT, HE DOES, I JUST THINK HE COULD DO MORE OF IT, LIKE, BEING RECEPTIVE TO AN AUDIENCE WILL ALSO OPEN THEM UP TO U, YOU KNOW? BUT OF COURSE, THIS KIND OF THING IS EASIER TO TALK ABOUT THAN TO GET UP AND DO. ENTIRE CAREERS ARE BUILT ON THE ABILITY TO TALK TO A CROWD-- JUST LOOK AT REAGAN.

PUNKTURE



DEAR ANN LANDERS: When are you going to stop kidding people? Your stand on marijuana is absurd.

I am a seventy-three-year-old man and I have been smoking marijuana since 1921. There is nothing wrong with it. I am living proof. I would also like to point out that in the fifty years I have been smoking pot (both in a water pipe and in cigarettes) I have never gotten into trouble, nor have I had the desire to try anything stronger.

Pot relaxes me and gives me a pleasant glow. The only thing wrong with it is that it's illegal. This should be changed. That person who wrote to you and said he heard such stupid talk at pot parties, why didn't you tell the idiot that those same people would have talked stupid without pot. Marijuana doesn't make people smarter or dumber. It just makes them more like what they are.

I'll bet you a \$20 bag of grass, you'll never print this letter. BUFFALO BILL

HOW TO KNOW WHAT EMPLOYEES ARE REALLY THINKING!

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I STARTED N.P.P. TO PROVIDE T-SHIRTS THAT ASSERT THE RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS TO CHOOSE WHAT IS RIGHT FOR THEM, AND TO PROVIDE A DIRECT

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EGROEG, N.P.P. (666) 666-1313 (DANCE OR KNIGHTS)

SHIRT STATEMENTS:

- JUST SAY YES!
- LEGALIZE EVERYTHING!
- JUST SAY NO TO URINE TESTING!
- DRUGS? THANKS!
- IT'S OK TO DRINK!
- STRAIGHT-EDGE IS MIND CONTROL

[SPECIFY WHICH ONE ON FRONT, WHICH ONE ON BACK OF SHIRT]

SIZES: JUNKIE (SMALL) MEDIUM, LARGE, TENT-SIZE
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PLEASE ALLOW 6 DAYS (6 WKS. OVERSEAS)
FOR DELIVERY
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KILLS!

SENSATIONAL VALUE



I GIVE PRODUCERS THEIR OWN SHOES AS A Bonus!



ADVERSITY

30 years of the same old shit: of music, of money, of hit after hit smiles, lies, sales, walls; that's 30 years of rock 'n' roll

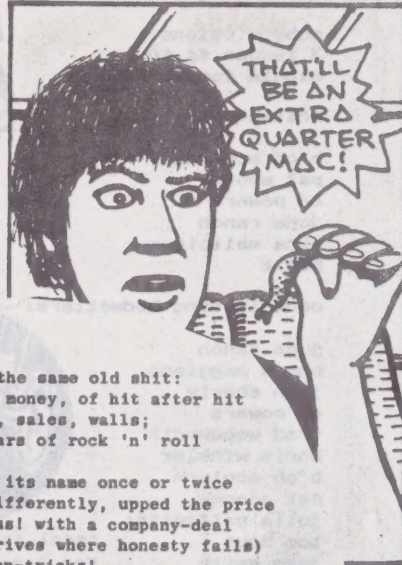
they changed its name once or twice dressed it differently, upped the price get rebellious! with a company-deal (business thrives where honesty fails) contracts? con-tricks!

sing revolution, wait till it starts one eye on the bank-account, one on the charts government-sponsored rebellion: buy it! a bit more product to keep us quiet...

HOW TO USE INSTANT POWER SYMBOLS

New

THE OTHER DAY I FOUND A SLUG IN MY HAMBURGER!



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Send for a catalog.

RESIST THE CLAMPDOWN ON
INDEPENDENT PRESS AND MUSIC



ILLDI - VOICE

KAKTUSZ - GUITAR



Here are some cool people whose addresses you should know about:

ACGS
PO Box 441
Woodmere, NY 11598

Animal rights group: trying to get people together to organize around animal rites issues.

AWOL
PO Box 455
Woodmere, NY 11598

Alternative Way of Life; these people are trying to get punks together for shows on Long Island and for other causes- worth checking out... i'm checkin out...

Indianer Kommune
0911-266786
Mittlere Kanalstr. 34
8500 Nurnberg WEST GERMANY

Children's rights group from Europe called "SCHOOL KILLS"---

AAA A A A G H I!

I CAN'T Do this shit anyMORE
DOES somebody wanna type this up?
I sure don't.

I don't give a fuck. fuck you!fuck you!
I don't give a fuck. fuck you!

COOL INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS,
fledgling and intense,
fleeting or whatever they'll never learn!

DEAD ISSUE RECORDS
PO Box 1645
Staten Island, NY 10314

Puttin together a compilation LP that could be released tomorrow; some great bands on here, most are brand new, rumors say this stuff is extremely ugly.

DIE TROTTEL

This is a way cool hardcore band from Hungary. Reprinted here is an interview originally printed in Bad Luck 'zine that Tamas, the bass player and lyricist for the band sent us. We have heard that bands in Eastern Europe face a completely different set of problems than bands in the West, like always being watched and not having equipment or places to practice that aren't supervised. The government can and does tell bands what they can play and if the band doesn't listen then they get harassed, like getting their shows closed down by government agents. Below is the interview with Die Trottel, whose music will be included on the next Bad Newz Cassettezine (#6).

DIE TROTTEL is: Tamas- bass, Illdi- vocals, Kaktusz- guitar, Auschwitz- drums.

WHAT HAVE YOU RECORDED?

3 demos, and we're still working on a tape at BLUURG TAPES/ England, and on a maxi 45/ France. We have a song on the "1984 the third" compilation LP on NEW WAVE.

WHAT IS THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC THING IN YOUR MUSIC?

Freedom and energy. 'Cos this is the most important thing for us in punk and in punk music. We live in a sad mood country so we play sad music.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE U.S.?

We have never seen it and probably won't see it in the next 10 years. According to our knowledge this is the country of great possibilities and freedom. Everybody can live in freedom like a rich person, or can die from starvation.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF REAGAN?

Good actor. He should make films more often. There wouldn't be so many troubles in the world if politicians would make films.

WHAT DOES PUNK MEAN FOR YOU?

(Tamas): Now, everything.

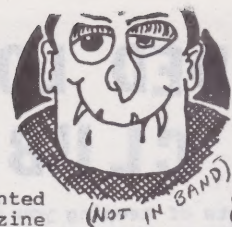
WHAT IS PUNK?

A kind of view of life for restless people. And 'cos restless people are and will be always, punk will exist in a form.

JOBS?

Illdi and Tamas work in different printing houses, Kaktusz learn for a job, Auschwitz hasn't worked for months which is bad. Here if you don't work you are considered a criminal.

Contact DIE TROTTEL at c/o Rupaszov & Asztalos, 2085 Pilisvorosvar, Pisztrang U.7, HUNGARY.



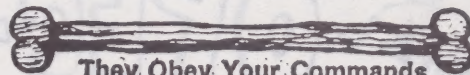
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TAMAS - BASS



AUSCHWITZ - DRUMS

PROBLEM EMPLOYEES'



They Obey Your Commands
(Even When You Hide Far Away)

When the U.S. flag is used to cover a casket, it should be so placed that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The flag should not be lowered into the grave or allowed to touch the ground.

The information presented in this brochure is based on Public Law 94-344 94th CONGRESS and Amendments thereto.



A JADED LOOK AT NYC CLUBS

By ZOO

In the interests of keeping you all current on this most dismal of scenes in New York, here are most (if not all) of the alternatives available in the city and its immediate environs for finding a halfway decent club to go to at night. These daze, that's no easy task, for a variety of reasons we've discussed many times in these pages and are too disgusted right now to go into again. Suffice to say that the best alternative is still the one you make yourself. So if you don't like what you see in the clubs, organize a fuckin show yourself.

TIN PAN ALLEY: 220 West 49th St., NYC, 212-582-9376. Bookings- Maggie. Best time to call for bookings- 5 or 6 PM on a Wednesday or Saturday, keep trying. This is the only club in town where you can see great shows, on the order of about 2 a month, sometimes more depending on the schedule, totally for free. Shows happen 3 nites a week, not just punk rock, but alternatives of every stripe. The management always pays bands well and the crowd comes wanting to hear good music. The only NYC club that consistently supports alternative music and art.

CBGBs: 315 Bowery, 212-982-4052. Bookings- Hilly or Louise, best time to call is early afternoons during the week, send a tape first if they don't know you. CBs has become very cliquish, in-group and biased against anarchists. This is place is pervasively profit oriented to the point where they will not take chances with new bands unless they do a wimpy commercial rehash of something that has already been done. Guaranteed you will not see any sort of a burgeoning scene here again like that of the mid-late 70s. Occassionally some good shows here when touring bands come through, maybe once every 2-3 months.

The Ritz: 119 11th St., 212-254-2800. Bookings- Booked through professional management companies and similar such scumbags who make a living out of exploiting bands and people who come to shows. This is the place where big money takes over alternative culture and exploits it for every penny it can squeeze out of people's pockets. This is the home of security guards with satin baseball jackets who yell at people and sometimes beat them up for standing on the staircases. This is the home of 4 dollar beers and hospital wristbands you have to wear to get served at the bar and giant video screens and punk bands who prostitute themselves in the hopes of 'making it big'. If you enjoy paying 12 to 15 dollars to see all of this, a show here will be loads of fun. Run by foul-mouthed, power hungry, inhumane capitalistic pigs, who have no qualms about lying, cheating, or stealing to maintain their position of power in the music scene. Think about who you are giving your money to the next time you go to the Ritz.

THE LISMAR LOUNGE: 212-777-9477. Bookings- Betty or Abbey. This is a basement of a bar that has recently taken a major turn for the worse and now books only metal bands. On rare occasions they might book a well known punk band, but only if they are convinced they will make lots of money by doing so. This place has a reputation for pocketing most or all of the door money and stiffing bands. A place where bands are exploited and drinks aren't cheap either and lately the crowds have been pretty dull and stupid, so I've been told.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

CALL THIS NUMBER: 212-OPEC-SID

IS BLACK FLAG IN TOWN? WHO'S AT CBGB THIS SUNDAY? ARE THE RAMONES PLAYING THIS WEEK?

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live shows

February 28, 1988: 13th St. Squat Benefit with Public Nuisance, Nausea, & Bloodsuckers From Outer Space...

New York City punk rose from grave and walked around for a much-needed breath of air on this night. The squat on 13th St. between A & B has a room called Lucky Seven with a wood-burning stove and a floor with 4 walls and a ceiling. Great place for a punk concert, and kudos go to Ralph, to Nausea and to the other bands, who risked their money and equipment to make this show happen. Cops only showed up early on at about 8 PM and then were never seen again, as the room filled to capacity with like 150 punks & skins. By 11 PM the slamming was fairly rough and wild but lots of fun, no out-of-control fights or ugly bullshit just a really great time. Everyone was primed and even though the crowd emptied out a lot after NAUSEA'S great set, those who stayed on were treated to one of the gutsiest displays of punk showmanship (or show-womanship, depending on your view) New York has seen in years. No, I'm not referring to the drumming of Scott Weiss...

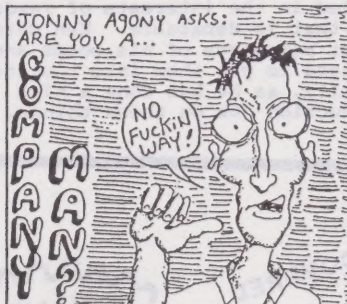
Remember this name: BLOODSUCKERS FROM OUTER SPACE, cuz this wuz their moment of glory. These guys let loose on their guitars something awful, and I do mean awful, changing rhythms like racing car drivers stripping the gears right off their axles. They consistently packed their stage show with explosive energy that had everyone guessing. The lead singer, a transvestite in nylons and garters, about 4 different wigs and dresses, and enough props to fill a large trunk with, really knew how to get mileage out of his/her deafening scream. I thought I'd seen the climax when about 15 beers and 2 cans of tomato sauce were merrily dumped on the singer's head and he/she didn't even flinch. But that was just the beginning. Perhaps inspired by the amusement park antics unfolding all around the place, this blond bombshell rips off her clothes into leather bra n fishnets and starts tumbling across the floor, spreading her legs to the beer pouring all over her and grabbing guys from the audience and mashing her public mound against them, all in rhythm to supersonic pace of the guitars, which have been following her all around the room like dogs in heat. People had forgotten all about safe sex for a few minutes. They were going nuts. Then the TV singer returns in a black

NEXT PAGE

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE...

satin dress holding a rubber mannikin head and shrieking at it. When the song is over he/she reaches into the head and pulls out mounds of Franco-American spaghetti and mashes the orange gook all over him/herself, sufficiently disgusting and satisfying everybody. A classic punk performance that isn't likely to be duplicated anytime soon... The world may not be ready yet for BLOODSUCKERS FROM OUTER SPACE, but this crowd was ready for anything.

Aside from the rampant audience cooperation that made this show the success it was, there was the solidarity for the people at the 13th St. squat this show helped generate. The only bad thing about this place is the floor is weak and there were fears it would cave in with all the people packed in the place, but it didn't, and Ralph plans to do it again. Grate show!



WOULD YOU SELL YOUR SOUL FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMPANY?



WOULD YOU OBEY EVERY ORDER GIVEN BY YOUR SUPERIOR?

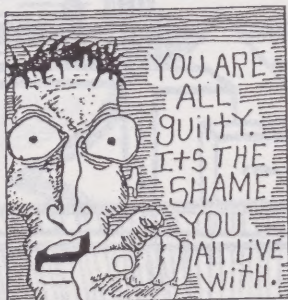


HOW LOW ARE YOU WILLING TO STOOP IN ORDER TO ADVANCE?

WOULD YOU SACRIFICE LONG-TIME FRIENDS BECAUSE "YOU WERE ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS."?



HOW MANY LIES HAVE YOU ALREADY CREATED...



... TO PROTECT YOUR PITIFUL EXISTENCE ?

sodomy.

K.DiMaggio

The chair surrounds him like a shell and he is the pearl of American middle-class life the editor the realtor the principal the dentist the reduced Ahabs at these inconsequential posts that Time Life the Midwestern Bible make so mighty of orders orders orders from the Unitarian the Episcopalian the Presbyterian religion chop chop chop the free and independent spirit from the punctual school board Sunday Chevrolet America it is no longer a business but a mission the first bank of Commerce has a mission the town council of Yahoo has a mission the regional headquarters of the great American Corporation has a mission and Mr. Calvinist Baptist Banker he has a mission so does Mr. Lutheran Engineer and Mr. Methodist City Editor they all have missions and now that they are ready so does Ms. Roman Catholic and Ms. Reformist Judaism they too shall have missions in the festering ear that says for the good of the country in the hollow knee that says to foster a more healthy and vital civic spirit and in the leprous hand that says for our children's tomorrow and their children's tomorrow and in the heart wrapped in cancer and the metropolitan newspaper comes the order

punctuality profit surplus Sunday school board tomorrow and chop chop chop

from the institutions of destiny the bank of Bible the insurance company of New Testament comes the order

Sunday PTA detergent profit detergent surplus detergent profit punctuality Chevrolet and death death death death death death

IBM just get it over with rape me

And Bell Telephone declare yourself to be a political party

I am already ruled by this one party state it is called America it makes me buy gasoline for my bones makes my eyes thirsty for radiation my hobbies have become money my intelligence is addicted to radiation my cock a prisoner of the Church of Christ my balls a prisoner of Times Square I can't sell poetry unless it can fit on a pack of gum and I can't produce a play unless it is about men-women-couples drinking

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE...

ANTHRAX: Perry St., Norwalk, CT, 203-849-1164. A really great, large venue located in a refurbished warehouse about a 1-hour car ride from Manhattan. This club is run by two guys who know the scene inside out and who manage to book the best touring bands and national acts around. In addition to giving local bands a chance and now and then helping out worthy causes with benefit shows, shows here are reasonably priced and open to everyone regardless of age, since no alcohol is sold on the premises. Events are normally scheduled on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

L'AMOUR EAST (in Queens), L'AMOUR WEST (in Brooklyn), NIRVANA (Times Square Plaza NYC), RIGHT TRACK INN (Freeport, L.I.), SUNDANCE CLUB (Bayshore, L.I.): These clubs book metal, speedcore, and similar trendy, pseudo-satanic nonsense to the exclusion of all else. The crowds vary a little, but not much. At Nirvana you get yuppies in suits and cocaine-tooting bourgeois types with no concept at all of what alternative music is or means. The L'Amour clubs generally attract a youngish crowd, definitely working class kids out to get their rocks off, lots of long hair, spandex and spikes but little else to distinguish them from the mindset of the yuppies. The only difference really is in how much money they make. The Right Track Inn is a possible fringe member of this group, because on rare occasions this place books good bands from Long Island who have nowhere else to play. The Sundance Club does mostly bands who have professional managers and wish they could be Spinal Tap for real, as does Nirvana for that matter. For the most part, these places are a big waste of time and should be blown up.

CLUBS...

CAT CLUB: 76 E. 13th St., NYC 212-505-0090. Call weekdays for bookings, and have a professional manager or be well known or have an inside contact--playing wimpy music is a plus if you expect to get booked. And above all, don't have anything important to say. The Cat Club is another capital of scene exploitation, where the money hungry jerks who run things do their best to snaf as much green as they can out of naive pockets at the door and charge 4 or more bucks per beer once you get inside. There's no ventilation in here so when it's crowded you are forced to keep drinking or else keel over and get trampled. 9 times out of 10 the bands who play here suck, it's that simple, and amazingly very consistent. If not formulaic metal bands with no imagination at all, you get formulaic pop bands, and even the bands themselves have the aura of real estate agents wearing ripped jeans and hairstyles. Like CBs and the Ritz, once in a great while a touring band plays here and it is possible to catch a good show, like the Naked Raygun show I saw here last year. This however is an exception to the rule.

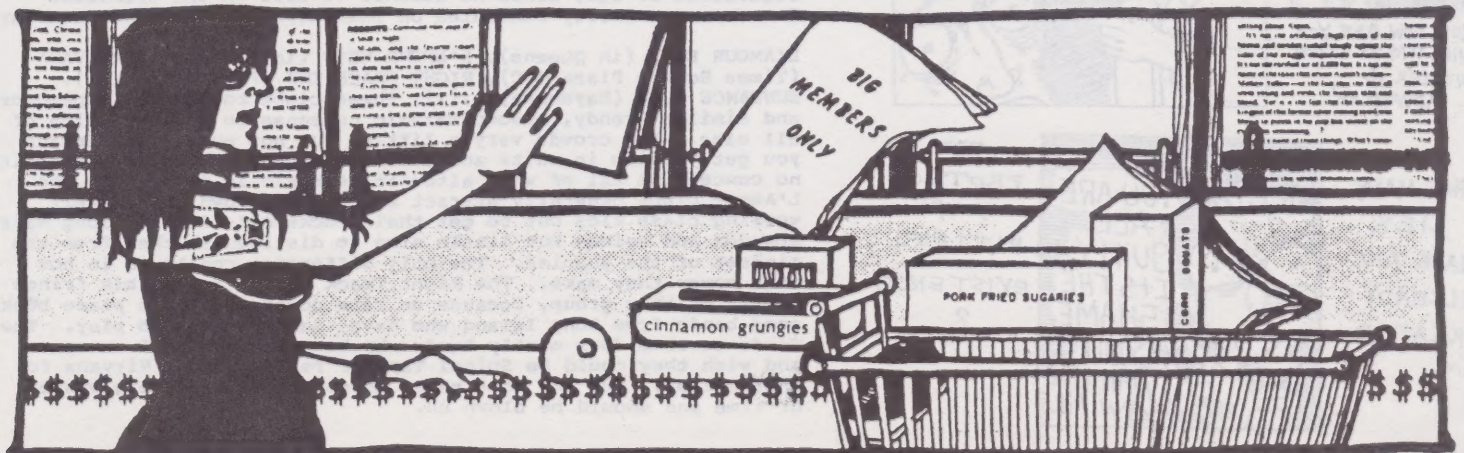
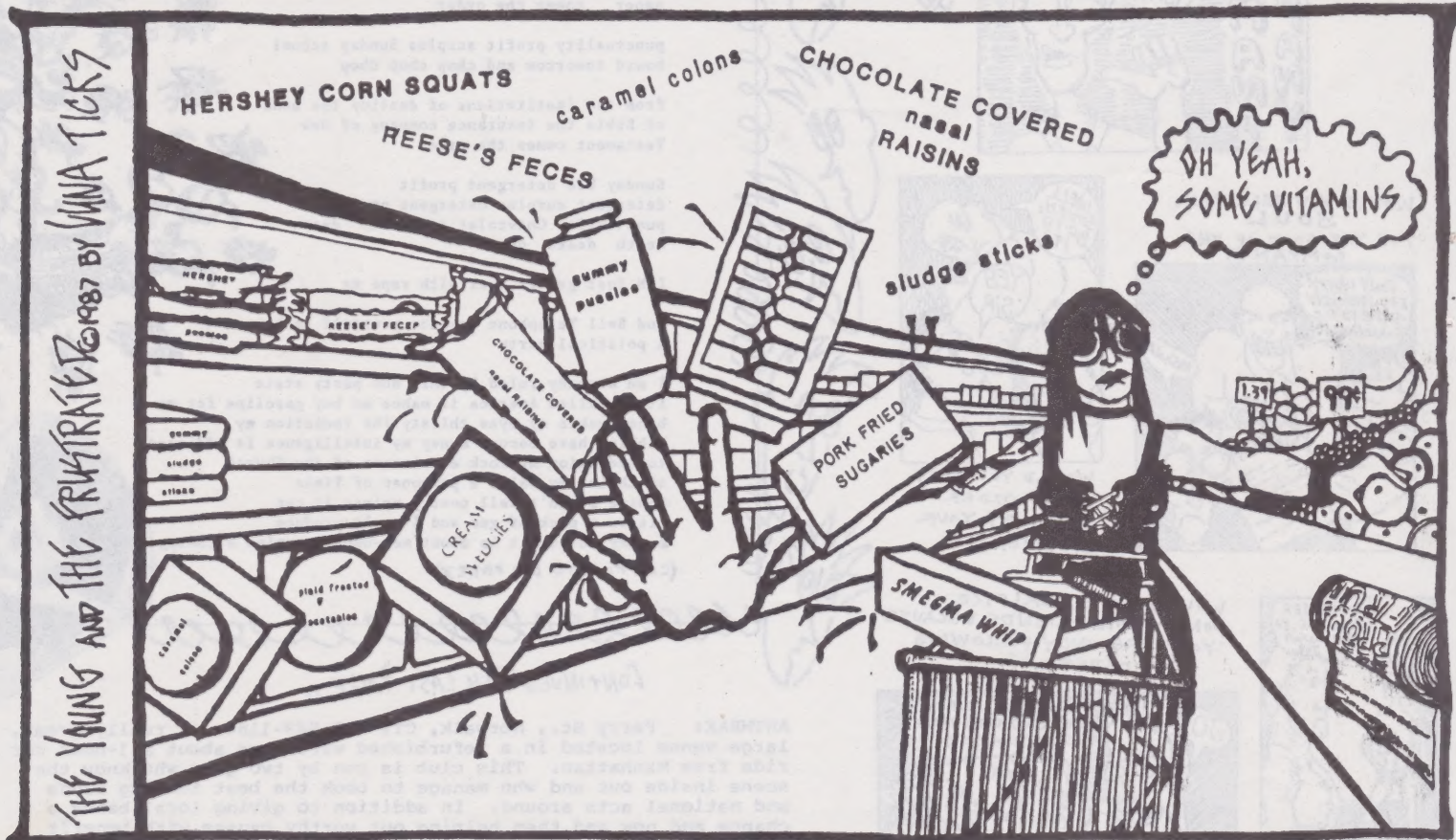
SIBERIA: Washington St., NYC, 212-463-7845. Usually books stiff local bands that are trying too hard to be cool and hip. About once every 3 months they'll have a good bill. The management seems to enjoy catering to yuppies and in fact the idiotic doorman Hauli, the burnout leftover purveyor of the pseudo-hip from the Danceteria has taken up his talentless stakes and planted them here, which says a lot about the integrity of this place, namely, that it doesn't have any.

ZINES...

SUBURBAN YAWN #2, 50¢ from 36 Claudet Way, Eastchester, NY 10709. New improved version of this NY h-core zine. Interview w/Affirmative Action, fotos, reviews, opinions, all done up with a nicely acerbic, demented sense of humor. Stories & punkture 2. (Z)

THE IRRATIONALIST #1, 25¢ from Carl Bettis, same address as SLAPDASH zine. An 8-page mini-zine of zonked out pomes & opinions and hand scrawl that's funnier if you read it then if you don't. Recommended. (Z)

BEFORE SEX... a poem by Ken Dimaggio, 45 Euston St., New Britain, CT 06053. This is a self-produced pamphlet of a long poem that looks hard at how screwed up things really are, without pulling any punches. If there's any weakness in here at all it's that maybe some of the punches should be pulled in the interests of readability, but that is debatable. Ken puts out other pamphlets of his poems and has managed to get them into bookstores locally, as he has done a nice production job on these things. (Z)





A couple months ago, I jacked off one nice german shepard through the bars of a gate at an equipment rental yard, on a street about 100 or so' off a large but virtually deserted boulevard in the N.E. sac area. No one saw me, and he squirted while I was jacking him off! The other dog was barking the whole time, but didn't try to interfere with my jacking the first dog off. It was also fun to have him slurping all over me, & slurping my face with his tongue. One thing that could be noted, is that one can't get A.I.D.S. from jacking off dogs.

GOOD GOD!

LET'S CHOMP ON THE HAMBONE OF GOD "HIS" PURPLE LOVE SPREAD ACROSS YOUR THIGHS

-MIKE S.

THANX APA-EROS

SCHIZOTEXTE, from Dromos Editions, PO Box 335, Station Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, CANADA H2W 2N8. Computer graphics infested experiment with language, hard to follow but somehow works on an irrational plane, slick 2-color cover and nice production a plus, the constant shifting of focus may confuse some but I found this an interesting, daring collection of seemingly disjointed ideas and observations. Nicely twisted bits of gnarled images slapped up into a tightly packaged, lengthy 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 format. (Z)

THE INNER CITY PRESS, \$1 from POB 20577, NY, NY 10009. An 8-page tabloid put together by a squatters rights group in the Bronx, very informative, also contains poems and views of life in very run down urban environments. Many people who would be otherwise homeless or cast into shelters unfit for human life (that are run by the City Government) want to take direct action and make abandoned buildings liveable right away, but the City Gov't. under Koch refuses to cooperate and even destroys the work of these people in some cases. This tabloid is their story...the cause is just and this particular paper is intelligently edited and informative. (Z)

EMOTIONAL VOMIT #17: GAAH! From the same person who brought you Mechanical Sterility. I have a friend from Rosedale who might drop acid and do this but God It's So Gutgrindingly Cool! Blitzkrieg mailart jerks off the media (colored paper) with disjointed strips, art and even some ads! Nothing Normal. Order a few and leave them in the doctor's office in a rack of "Plain Truth". 50 cents to M. Schafer 75 Fairview Ave #3b, New York NY 10040 (cd)



princess gargoyle

stone faced expressions traded in the traffic of lonely afternoons spent nail-biting princess gargoyle squeezes fruits on steamy sidewalks starry-eyed waltzing with religious men instantly freaked out by hard peckers in the pants awakening guilt trips and neurotic mother attachments dancing in a disco princess gargoyle prim and paid for priestess of black leather with her stern sideshow of long skinny legs flashing dildoes and dripping watermelon nipples

snot nosed boys who would be hacked by her words into small pieces kick themselves instead dreaming of her high heeled feet princess gargoyle hydroelectric source of forbidden pleasures on a dark streetcorner

↑ BOB Z



PENETRATOR.

I'M NOT HERE



HowZA 'BOUT A HEAVY METAL BAND NAMED, "OUCH?"



Tractor Trailer Driver

PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE ZINE, \$1 from Bob, 4 Idlewood, Rapid City, SD 57701. Packed w/7 band interviews with the likes of ASF, Screaming Weasel, Instigators, I Deny, plus others, in which the zine asks some cool questions, like, "what are your personal and political views?" (just kidding), but with all the letters and good energy in here it's hard not to like this zine. (Z)

Tortuous ZEEN REVIEWS



MURDER CAN BE FUN #8: Again, I'm biased. Johnny Marr's bin puttin dis stuff out fer a while, and it's twisted enough without his fascination with cheap dimestore pulp novels. Featured are anti-drunk driving posters that would make Chuck Manson chuckle, gory stories about mass murderers Ed Kemper, Herbert Mullin and John Linsley Frazier, pedestrian gridlock on the Golden Gate Bridge, book reviews, twisted praise of Charles Willeford, a bit on the merits of Readers Digest, and little else. Ask about his 1988 Datebook. Buy it fer mom. 50 cents to Johnny Marr, P.O.Box 640111, SF CA 94109 (cc)

FORCE MEAT: Mucho mas reviews than you can shake an ugly stick at. This baby is small, yet thick and heavy. Many international entries, with emphasis on avant garde/power electronics. Includes an article about noise as music. 3 IRCs or reasonable exchange to Alessandro Aiello, Via Naxos - 161, 98030 Gardini (me) ITALIA (cc)



C. WINKLER

ZINE REVIEWS

zines

zines

zines

DOWNRIGHT FUN FANZINE #2, 150 pp c/o Todd Henrickson at 208 W. Ludington Ave. Ludington, MI 49431. A zine that totally 100% enthusiastically supports their scene. This includes scene reports from all over, poetry, cartoons, news a "classified" section, zine and music reviews. Interviews with 63 Eyes, State Control, Macabre, Spazztic Blurr, Vice Grip, Youth Quake, Nomeansno, no fraud and Desperate minds. His ad rate I feel is important to mention simply because it's an ad for an ad. I feel this is great because it permits smaller bands + zines to advertise as well. Live pictures of Scream, Diddy Squat and a band called the Happy Dead Juans. Oh yes also Impetigo. A beautiful layout gives it a professional touch with out a professional price. Every once in a while a zine comes along where you just need to tell what's inside and it sells itself, this is a superb one. (EP)

FACES BODIES, \$1 pp. from Denise Dee, 29A Guy Place, San Francisco, CA 94105. Wow, I'm not sure where to start. Stories, cover to cover, stories of abortion to what society's distorted values are. It deals with women's right and gives many opinions, which only made me enjoy it all the more. (EP)

A COMPROMISING SITUATION #2, from Jim Hayes, 96 Marion St., Morgantown, WV 26505. Jim Hayes also makes A NON-PROPHET ORGANIZATION. Now comes A COMPROMISING SITUATION with the same sort of layout. More poetry this time as well as more pictures, which I enjoy. The poetry isn't top notch, but it seems to go well and it's free. (EP)

SOCIAL MUTATION #1, from Gipp Klein, 407 Allen Rd. Marshall MI 49068. A short xeroxed zine, not that bad. Some skate stuff, lots of stories and poetry, some good some bad. Bob did something too, the question is which was it? The idea to spread enthusiasm is definitely in the right place. (EP)

TRANSLUCENT LETHARGY, \$1or trade from P. O. Box 780334, Oklahoma City, OK 73178. An article on Jello, interviews with Globos of Dirt/Statement of Reality, Uprise, and many more. Music and zines reviews, opinions, local scene, and a very funny survey of zine makers across the country. A list of the grammatical uses of "Fuck." A well-spent dollar can be found here. (EP)

JACK RUBY & THE ORIGINS OF THE AVANT GARDE IN DALLAS, from Barn Burner Press. This "book" written by Robert Trammell is in one word, confusion. It's a big print zine. More so, it took me 15 long mins. to read. The problem is that when you start to actually understand what Jack Ruby did for the avant garde in Dallas, it goes off on an entirely different subject. A little too avant garde for me. (EP)

DUB GOLEM #2, 50¢ pp. from P. D. Wilson, Ether Telegram, 3418 Oates Ave., Columbus, GA 31904. 6 1/2 pages of story/poetry, keeping in mind that it's only 5 1/2 x 4 in. and xeroxed as well as not extraordinary poetry, it's not worth it. (EP)

Rauch-O-RAMA #18, 35¢ from Brad Goins, P.O. Box 2432, Station A Champaign, IL 61820. Stamp or coin. An interview with Debbie Jaffe on her photography, the rest of the raunch deals with Best of... This includes records, record covers, Best contribution to Abrasive theater and noize music theater etc. This zine really gave me a good look into avant garde jazz as well as industrial noize. (EP)

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #58, \$1 from P.O. Box 288, Berkeley CA 94701 Interviews with PZ Zalozba, Fluorescent Condoms, Complicated Bone Marrow Transplant, Fresh Water Cannibal, Victor H. of Alchemy Records, Mike Watt of Firehose. Info on Squandered Message, Anal Terror, Sheer Terror, BSL, usual scene reports, the opinions, most political, I wonder if I must say more. (EP)

PANMAG INT'L MAG, from Mark Bloch, P. O. Box 1500, NY, NY 10009. Wow, what a great idea. This magazine gives over 30 lists of Japanese mail artists to which you can write and receive Japanese art. You can also write to the address above for more addresses. This also demonstrates some of the art and an article on Japanese visual art. Get on it! (EP)

ALTERNATIVE INFO, from the APRC, 324 E. 9th St., NY, NY 10003. This newsletter for the APRC concerns what the APRC does but focuses on the bands on the new comp. "Mutiny on the Bowery." It gives the lists of bands, the songs, they play, the shows, pictures of the eight bands, and information on them. Support them. They help make it work. (EP)

INK DISEASE #13, \$2 pp. from 4563 Marmion Way, Los Angeles, CA 90065. The winter issue of Ink Disease is here. A glossy cover, interviews with Honor Role, Big Black, Angst, The Replacements to Damascus, and the de falla trio. Over 150 tape and record reviews. Lost of excellent pictures of the interviewed bands as well as live pictures of shows reviewed. Ink Disease keeps an open mind and an open eye to the underground. Worth \$2.00. (EP)

MUTATED VIRUSES #4, 706 Valley Lane, Arlington Heights, IL 60004. (Formerly DO THE DEAD KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?) A zine filled with poetry that ranges in quality from pretty bad to really good. It's visually interesting because different typefaces are used and the poems are pasted up against some really cool art by a guy named aric. It's free, so how could you go wrong? (JR)

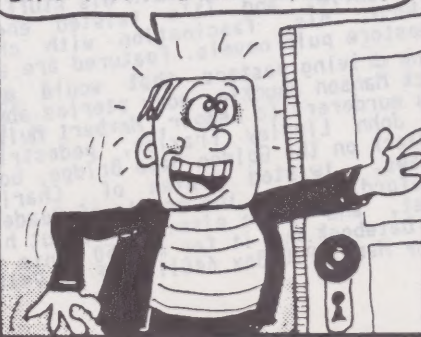
TWISTED IMAGE

by Ace Backwards ©1985

MAN!! I'M TIRED OF WASTING MY LIFE SITTING AROUND THIS DUMPY APARTMENT ALL DAY DOING NOTHING!!



I'M GONNA GO OUT AND HAVE SOME FUN AND EXCITEMENT!!



VICE VERSA Vol. 3 No. 1
\$8 for 1 yr. (4 issues)
c/o Jean Lyons 838 E 57th St
Chicago, IL 60637. Black round
and pointy letters on white
paper. No pictures to distract
you. VV is like finding a
burned down cabin in the snow.
A literary magazine. (JS)

"...BUT A TWIST OF THE LIP..."
#1. c/o Lainie 723 N. Highland Ave
Arl. Hts IL 60004. Upcoming,
ongoing struggles and fights. Jump
right into political graphics,
letters, zine descriptions and
the power to inspire thought and
ACTION. (JS)

THE MATCH! #82 \$2. POB 3488,
Tucson, Arizona 85722. An anarchist
journal, The Match!, exists to
clarify anarchist ideas and to
illuminate the transition from
authoritarian oppression to
freedom and rationality. Big,
solid and important. This issue
has articles on animals' rights,
A.A. - flawed by religiosity, draft
resistance, how cops think, AIDS as
well as fiction and letters. (JS)

CROW #25 \$4.50 in stores, \$.00 from
POB A, Wharton, NJ 07885. Descriptive
analysis of film, video, tv, music,
books and essays. Snippy and snide.
This band sounds like that band on bad
acid type reviews from a bunch of guys.
In a review of Suzanne Vega it is
suggested that Suzanne was perhaps
possessed when she wrote Luka. It is
further speculated that someone hit her
on the head. The reviewer requests that
someone hit her again. I can live
without crap like that... I guess I'm
another one of those annoying feminists.
(JS)

LEAK NEWS SERVICE, Box 25771,
Albuquerque, N.M. 87125. This
is a really funny zine written
by this guy (Neal Wilgus) who's
been doing this since the sixties.
Most of it is written in tradi-
tional newspaper format but the
topics are quite amusing like
Santa Claus being audited by the
IRS and the Invisible Man dis-
appearing in Pennsylvania. (JR)

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW #1, c/o Todd
Brown, 906 N. Evergreen Ave., Arl.
Hts., IL 60004. This is a really
good 10-page Xeroxed zine. It's
got poetry, some constructive criti-
cism of our very fucked up govern-
ment and really cool collages.
Definitely be on the lookout for
Issue #2. (JR)

THE REBIRTH OF EVIL, c/o John
Sasaki, P.O. Box 3314, Stony
Creek, CT 06405. Zine with
metal/hardcore influences,
wholly devoted to the music.
Reviews of bands, demos and
LPs, and interviews with bands. (JR)

NUCLEAR BULL CHRIST #8, .50,
633 Isla Pl., Davis, CA 95616.
Lots of interviews with local
bands, record reviews and some
politically correct (i.e.,
anarchist/pacifist) commentary. (JR)

THIS #1, \$1.00, c/o Greg Dunlap,
500 Clover Lane, Bolingbrook, IL
60439. A suspiciously slick zine
that lacks a certain something I
can't quite put my finger on now
(personality?). However, it's got
very good coverage of the scene in
Chicago with zine reviews, band
interviews, show and record reviews.
These guys (Greg and Dan) obviously
work very hard so more power to them.
(JR)

A HOUSE UNITED AGAINST ITSELF,
\$1 for Vol.4, No.7, from Rev.
Dave Crowbar, POB 11551, Eugene,
OR 97440. A laugh riot-a-min-
ute journey along the wacky
hiwayz and biwayz of the minds
of sum very clever people. I
laughed, I screamed, I hollered!!
(JR)

TWISTED IMBALANCE, 75¢ from Box
12504, Raleigh, NC 27605. This
zine mite be a little too slick
4 its own good, and the type is
TOO SMALL. Nonetheless, a pretty
cool assembly of humor and graphix
and it's got a grate name. (JR)

NASTY FACTS #3, Wasserstr. 176,
4630 Bochum 1, West Germany. This
is a long (68 pages) very well put-
together zine. Mostly about what's
going on in the West German music
scene with a smattering of skate-
board stuff as well. It's all in
German, but there are lots of
pictures so you can pretty much get
the point. The people who put this
out must be very dedicated to grass-
roots artists. (JR)

EXPRESSO TILT, \$2 from 737 Wharton
St., Phila, PA 19147. 36 pages of
solidly assembled zeen. It's all
here: poetry, short stories, comix,
and a pretty engrossing story by a
stripper from Philly all about the
ups and downs of taking (almost) all
of it off. The emphasis here is on
the written word, not too much about
music. (JR)

CHOPLOGIC, from Eric Rochow, 151
First Ave., Studio D., NYC 10003.
16 pages of mediocore poetry and
fiction pasted up on top of some
interesting graphics. There's
a good concept at work here, so all
you struggling writers out there
send some good stuff to CHOPLOGIC
and it could really take off. (JR)

VIRGIN SACRIFICE #3, 234 East
33rd St., #2B, NYC, 10016, \$1.
Good graphix with poetry that's
a little too confessional for
it's own good. (JR)

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF
A WITCH PUT A CURSE ON
ME...



OLD-FASHIONED TENT REVIVAL

The lights went down in the tent, and
the excited congregation broke into hushed
whispers. A single spotlight pierced the
darkness, and into it's beam stepped the
minister. He adjusted the microphone, paused,
and said softly, "Brothers and sisters, I
thank the Lord that I arose this morning
from my bed. I thank Him also, that when I
looked out my bedroom window, the sun was
shining bright. And I thank the Lord, that
I was there to see it.

"You know, brothers and sisters, we
have a lot to be thankful for, and we should
thank the Lord for all of the blessings He
has given us." His voice started building,
growing louder. "I thank the Lord, that all
of you could be here tonight!" The crowd
roared their amens in unison. "I thank the
Lord that the night sky is dark! I thank
the Lord that the stars sparkle in the sky
like diamonds! I thank the Lord that the
grass is green! I thank the Lord that snot
is green! I thank the Lord that hair grows
on my testicles! I thank the Lord that I'm
broke and illiterate! I thank the Lord that
my wife left me! I thank the Lord that my
daughter has V.D.! I thank the Lord that my
son is inbred and retarded! I thank thank
thank the fucking Lord-thank the thank the
lord lord thank...

Three men came, dragged him off the
stage, put him in a car, and he thanked the
Lord all the way to the hospital.

1988 Sean Lee Avery



LIVE SHOW MUTILATION: MAY 7, 1988.

PLACE: THE TERMINATOR KLUB. 272 E.
3rd ST. BETWEEN AVE. C & D, A RUN
DOWN SECTION OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

EVENT: BLOODSUCKERS FROM OUTER SPACE
CONCERT.

THIS IS A FUN BAND...THE LEAD GUITARIST
WORKS AS HARD AS ANYONE I'VE EVER SEEN.
HE PLAYED HALF THE SET FLAT ON HIS BACK
AND LOOKING UP AT THE BASS PLAYER AND
THE AUDIENCE, MAKING SUDDEN, SPONTANEOUS
TEMPO CHANGES AND FALLING INTO RAUCOUS
GROOVES HE DRILLED HOME AGAIN AND AGAIN.

HAVING SEEN THIS BAND ONCE BEFORE I WAS
PREPARED FOR THE WEIRDNESS OF THE LEAD
SINGER'S ACT, WHO WAS RELATIVELY TAME
AT THIS PERFORMANCE. AT EVERY SHOW THIS
PERSON HAS AT LEAST TWO LARGE CANS OF
TOMATO SAUCE DUMPED OVER HIS HALF NAKED
BODY. HE IS VERY LONG AND SKINNY, LIKE
A HUMAN SPOON...AND HAS A PREDILECTION
FOR WEARING WOMEN'S CLOTHING ON STAGE.

THE DRUMMER WUZ SORT OF NOT THERE...
ALTERNATING RHYTHMS SEEMINGLY BY
MAKING EYE CONTACT WITH ANDY, THE
GUITARIST, EVEN WHILE HE WAS FLAT ON
HIS BACK. AND AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, THE
CHANGES WOULD BE RELATIVELY TIGHT, AS
IF THIS WEIRDNESS IS COMMONPLACE FOR
THEM (AND IT PROBABLY IS). THESE ARE
DEFINITELY UNTRAINED MUSICIANS, IF YOU
CAN CALL THEM THAT. IT BORDERS ON
BEING PERFORMANCE ART AS OPPOSED TO
MUSICAL EXPERIENCE...

UNFORTUNATELY THIS TIME OUT THERE WAS
NO BEAUTIFUL FEMALE RIPPING OFF HER
CLOTHES AND DOING A STRIP TEASE DANCE
WITH MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE AS IN THIS
BAND'S LAST NEW YORK APPEARANCE. I
HOPE THE BLOODSUCKERS AREN'T GOING
DOWNHILL...

Zine Reviews

ZINES

THE SPLATTER EFFECT #21: Least superficial pseudounderground music zine so far, though they can't spell 'shredder' and call the Cro-Mags metal. Many dips into the underground and leaps for top 40 stuff: from Zoogz Rift to Men Without Hats. Also has bands reviewing their own stuff, many ads, rumors, news, interviews with Jeff Connolly of the Lyres and the Tonebenders, and a little more. Send some stamps to Box 2, Bound Brook, New Jersey 08805 (CC)

BEYOND THE FRINGE #2: Feral Faun puts this too thick 96 page apa for anarcherotic heretics and avatars of chaos together. It overflows with collages, stories, anarchessays, photos, snippets galore drenched with cum and chaos. An all day zine with debauchery by Jake Berry, Carl Bettis, B'ob McGlynn, Hakim Bey and too much more. If people don't like it, throw it at them. \$2 to: Chaotic Endeavors, P.O. Box 48, Monte Rio CA 95462 (CC)



STORM WARNING #7: published by the Seattle Vietnam Vets Against the War (anti-imperialist), this baby packs eye-catching computer graphics and politically aware commentary on US intervention in Central America, newstuff about Brian Wilson (No Pasaran), letters, poetry, etc, written from a pissed-off standpoint. Comes with free sticker. Cool. Only 50 cents to VVA TW (AI), 4710 University Way NE Suite 1612, Seattle, WA 98140 (CC)

THE NATION: MARCH 26, 1988: Yes it's one of those socialist newspapers again! Real thick newsprint magazine. Each issue is considered a chapter - this ish starts at page 397. Oodles of newstories on Vietnam, Student Coalition against Apartheid and Racism, gay & lesbian rights, high security women's lockups in Florida, CIA recruitment on campus, leftist personals, contact addresses, a crossword puzzle and shitloads more. \$2 to 71 5th Ave, New York NY 10011 (CC)

QUICK BROWN FOX #2: Mad Dog Press again! Dis be a single sheet zeen wif bitso potery (I meant to spell it that way) tinted wif confusion & sex. Reach for this in stead of the alarm clock. Includes Andrew Gettler and Bill Shields. Send a stamp to K.A. Keefe, 512 South 5th Street #3A, Youngwood, PA 15697 (CC)

NO BULLSHIT #5: That's right, all of this is true. The newsletter for political junkies, this has well researched snippets of news from around the world and right up your ass! Features include: The federal government's proposals to place responsibility for welfare upon the states, Reagan's cuts of aid to and a prototype solution to the problems of the homeless, election news, contra, rebel, terrorist updates, a special bit on Jesse Jackson, plus books for sale and more. Send some stamps to GSM Headquarters P.O. Box 1095, Kokomo IN 46901 (CC)

ANTSPLOIM #3: Yes, Smash Apathy is dead, but Bugjizz is still alive and kicking, though its appearance is unpredictable. Proving that less is more, this ish packs comix, poetry, collages, newsclippings, 7 wonders of the world, a story by Uberc, notes on the environment and excerpts from the Harper's Index stolen from a comic called The Puma Blues, rants from a pissed-off punk and antisexist perspective, a biography of Jean Genet, Baboon Dooley and still more. Surprise yourself. Send a coupla stamps (ask about otherproj: Iriggervisiondemo, comptapes etc.) to Estraven at Sanctuary Projex Ltd P.O. Box 1216, Fairlawn NJ 07410 (CC)

S.P.E.W. #1: Bin awaitin this ferawhile, and I'm glad it's here. Many mindopening features: Student activism, analysis and how to of punk, draft opposition, Frank Zappa on the PMRC and Religious Right, conquering youth apathy, peace clubs and on-campus postering, resistance tips, personal testimony of a Vietnam vet, media suppression of black artists' involvement in important issues, an' oh so much more. Buy or die! \$1 to War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012 (CC)

HEADSTART #1: Cool musiczine covers the Canadian/US scene nicely. Scatterbrained format, with opinions, cool art, show, record, tape and zine reviews, clear photos, ads, an Arizona scene report, interviews with Corruption, All Rights Reserved, No Fraud, Cancerous Growth, Psycho and Terminal Choice, plus more! A real solid first effort. \$1 to 1352 Van Couver Cres, Burlington Ontario L7M 1W2 CANADA (CC)

CIRCULAR #23: Once again, I'm biased. Once you get this minizine for a while, you get a state of mind that's reserved for it that spillsover into your psyche. "Life is simple" it says, and it proves it, or lets you prove it. Matter-of-fact snippets and stories peppered around borrowed graphics from old National Geographics. Includes pics of co-author Carol. Send a stamp or two (some money, too?) to Charlie Nash & Carol Schneck, P.O. Box 6013, East Lansing, MI 48823 (CC)

THE FRONTIER UNCTION #6(66666): This has really grown over the issues, and I like how it's going. Oodles of poems, stories, collages, photos, art, social commentary, newsclippings, assorted sextuff, Baboon Dooley and more neat stuff by Chris Winkler, Luna Ticks, Pat McKinnon, Dolph Wave and many under people. Stop in th' bookstore if y'can - Lotta (cheap) stuff there. \$1 from Frontier Books, 8 Bergen Street, Brooklyn NY 11201 (CC)

REVENGE OF THE STATE, From P.D. Wilson, 3418 Oates Ave., Columbus, GA 31904. Small 4 pg. xerox including front and back cover. Poetry and infintile drawings but hey it's probably free. Lots of Poetry. (EP)

THE GADFLY Vol. III, No. 6, 25¢ from the Billings Student Center at the University of Vermont, Burlington, VT 05405. This newspaper type zine is a very heavily opinionated political newspaper type publication. This issue concentrates on sexual harrasment and 2 cases of it at the U of V. It also has articles on former CIA Agents coming out against the CIA. A very in resting article on the FBI and how they are infiltrating campus peace groups.. This also contains good political poems. This is an excellent available newspaper for the aware! (EP)

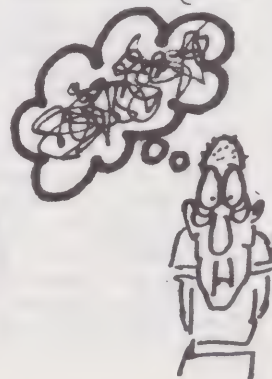
SPLATTER EFFECT #22, P.O. Box 2, Bound Brook, N.J. 08805. LOTS of show information for the NYC and New Jersey areas. Also interviews with bands (Wild Seeds and Anthrax), and a distressing section on mainstream music that smacked of Rolling Stone or something. All in all there's a ton of club info in here that beats the hell out of the Voice and other rags that claim to be on the cutting edge of entertainment news in the NYC area. (JR)

THE MEANING OF LIFE: Yeah. This is a real relaxing story with no extraneous imagery, along the lines of Circular, following the life of an unemployed guy with his life scattered in piles about him, loosely sorted. Great for a bedtime story. \$? to Peek at Lizard Press, Somewhere in New Britain, CT (CC)

LIME GREEN BULLDOZERS (and other related species) #6: Poetry art and stories abound in this well rounded anthology of soulwork put together by a really nifty human being. "Peace in numbers" is the goal here, and that's what this provides, with stuff spanning fom California to New York. Includes a screen printed hand painted cover. Ask about "Lisa Dreaming" and "But a Twist of the Lip". Cool. \$1 to Lainie (the Oyster) 7 2 3 N. Highland, Arlington Hts IL 60004 (CC)



NO DOGS



ONLY THE MOUNTAINS ARE FOREVER: Dis is a book of poetry by Andrew Gettler using testimony to native Americans ("human beings") as vehicles for understanding alienation at any level. Riveting, mindopening. It does the subject matter justice, though you can decide if you like the price. \$3 to Black Bear Pubs, 1916 Lincoln Street, Croydon PA 19020

even after you've cum

you leave the nipple clamps on

enjoying the sensation

like a lingering sunset

-M. KETTER

HIGH SCHOOL IS A WASTELAND #6: I've seen this grow over th' issues, and it's a neat tidbit with computer graphics that were probably done on campus, buncha record, tape and zine reviews, poetry, shopping mall psycho stories, a deranged interview with Missing Link, short scene reports, and a guest editorial on free speech in school, and a guest opinion by Avi Naftel. 50 cents to Glen Hirabayashi, 9325 Garrison Way, Eden Prairie MN 55344

COPS HATE POETRY #6: Okay, I'm biased. I've heard about this guy before, and I've been awaiting the appearance of this for a while. Because the printing is hazy and small, this ish comes with a free magnifying glass (yeah!) Poetry, news, reviews, a conversation with Donny the Punk about his gangrape, cool art, Slammin' Watusis, Ozzyfish Experience, editorials, instructional video reviews, predictions for 1988 and more. 75 cents an' some postage to 5632 West South Park Ave, Morton Grove, IL 60053

SMASH APATHY #10: This is it, the (regretfully) last issue of this zine put together by the same cool guy who does Antspoin. There's a picture of the crucifixion on the front, and of a policeman with a gun pointed at a black woman with the caption "This is Apartheid" in back. Inside are articles, art, photos, poetry and comix, an interview with the Subhumans (UK), news clippings, xeroxed antivivisection pamphlets, McDonalds, "relocation" of native Americans, U.S. pressuring of other countries with the threat of Nuclear war, and other great stuff. \$1 to Estraven/the Sanctuary, P.O. Box 1216, Fairlawn New Jersey 17410

SPORADICAL #6: What the title says: Sporadically radical. This could well be the New York based xerox version of Reality Now, though it compares more closely to On Gogol Boulevard and Smash Apathy. Most of the features written here are done so from an anti-authoritarian, anarchist perspective. Included are articles on black South African union activist Moses Mayekiso, the Avenue C soup kitchen, analysis and bypass of nihilism, anarchism, carols, poetry, art, analysis of social heirarchy. Well thought out. No price listed, but send a buck anyway. 339 Lafayette Street #202 New York N.Y. 10012

THIS ZINE SUCKS #10: No it doesn't! Well, I saw an earlier ish a while back (#6) an' it's improved a bit, tho' the overall format stuck. Art, ads, bad poetry, reviews of City Gardens shows, many record zine and demo reviews, short interviews with Warzone and Satan's Bake Sale, a few pictures, not-so-personals, contact addresses. Worth 50 cents to Bob Conrad, 1601 Scenic Drive, West Trenton, New Jersey 08628

SHAMAN 37, 43, 48, 49, 50, DUB GOLEM #4, DEMON HOUSE THEATER #1, FIRECRACKERS #8: Real thin minis with comix, poetry, stories. Disjointed simplicity to keep your head on straight. Gobble them down during commercial breaks. A real TV zine. Includes the ongoing saga of the Crintoids from Mars. Phfbt. 50 cents apiece to William Dockery, 3226A River Ave, Columbus GA 31904

SUBURBAN VOICE #24: Thick, well done Musiczine could be the Northeastern MRnR, tho the lack of newsy features makes it akin to such mags as Ink Disease and Flipside. Lots of ads, clear photos, letters, diverse show, tape & record reviews and intelligent interviews with Prong, Token Entry, Government Issue, Buzzcocks, 7Seconds and a whole lot more. \$1 to Al Quint, P.O. Box 1605, Lynn, MA 01903.

PSYCHEDELIC DISEASE #6: Cool minizine with art, poetry, reviews, opinions, fillers, scene reports, news clippings, interviews with C.O.C., D.O.L. and Jello Pudding Biafra. One of the artists/co-editors Toxin (Noah Fleischman) got suspended for distributing this "obscene" material, which includes a report about how this black gang, the Hugga Bunch, are beating up punks around the business district and bus depots. \$1.50 to 3521 N. Kenwood, Kansas City, MO 64116.

URBAN RAG #7: Featured this ish are badly xeroxed though well written little ditties such as an interview with the Plague, Poetry Nook (cool), record, show, tape reviews, an advice column (Psycho Lady), "Cops I've Known", plus a news clipping about that radioactive stuff they were happily passing around in that town in Brazil. No real format to this, and stuff is peppered around throughout, which will keep your interest if you have a short attention span (like me) Coupla laughs too, like when they ask the Plague if black is important to them. Member APRC, too, so go ahead, send'em 35 cents! 732 E 22nd, Brooklyn, NY 11210

OK GO NOW #3: Another zine that can't figure out what it is. Enquirer-type cover sports the headline "How Rock Sucks", and, if this were my only source of info, I'd be inclined to believe every word. Some attempts at diversity, with 10 year old Human Skab, Salem 66, Japan's After Dinner, plus ads, art, reviews, poetry, even a Hellblazer ad, but it just ain't worth the dough. \$2 to Box 3007, Providence, R. I. 02908

MR.
CAGGIANO
DID ALL DE
ZEEN
REVIEWS
ON DIS PAGE!

LEMME
SEE!

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwards ©1985

THANK YOU FOR FILLING OUT THIS APPLICATION MR. SPAZZ...AND IF JOHNSON, PLEGGER AND SMITH INC. HAS ANY OPENINGS FOR A "HARDCORE THRASH GUITARIST" WE'LL BE CONTACTING YOU.

13

KNOW YOUR DRAFT BOARD

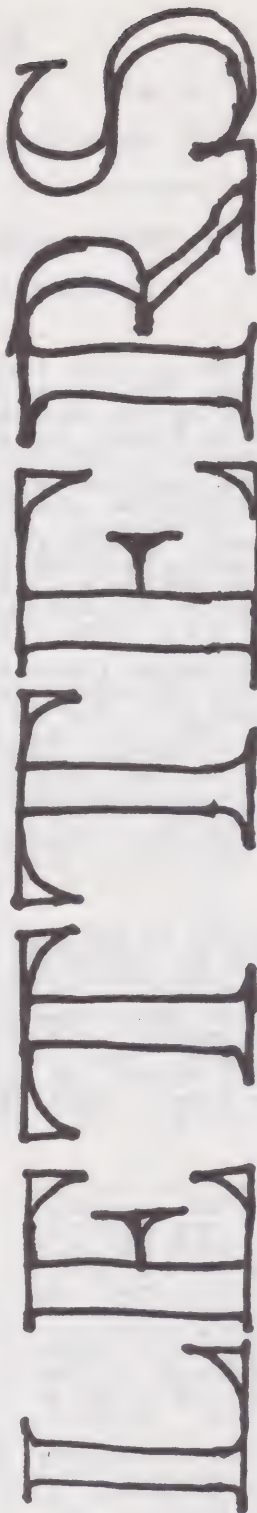
With over 2,500 local draft boards now set up across the country, there's probably one near you. The boards provide an opportunity to generate good press for the draft resistance movement, and to stir up interest. The boards were set up rather quietly, so it's a good bet that your local media and most local peace activists don't even know such boards exist.

How to find out who's on a board: Selective Service doesn't like to give out the names of draft board members. You will probably need to direct a Freedom of Information Act request to the SS National Headquarters. Selective Service probably won't give you their addresses or telephone numbers. To make the FOIA request, simply type a letter (preferably on an organization's letterhead) and state what you want, being sure to mention the Freedom of Information Act (5 U.S.C. 522). The address is: Selective Service System, National Headquarters, Washington, DC 20435. It is clearly illegal for them to refuse to give out the board members' names, although they may simply ignore the law. The SS will probably charge you for photocopying costs.

Once you have the members' names, their telephone numbers and addresses can be obtained for subsequent publication simply by looking in the phone book or city directory (available in your local public library). Voter registration lists are also public record; simply go to the county government building and ask about the names you have.

Now what? You may want to make personal contact with some or all of the members. Reasons might include a desire to convince them of the wrongness of their ways. Draft counselors might want to meet the board and find out which members seem especially hostile or supportive toward anyone who might apply for deferment. Interviews with board members might also turn up political or racial prejudices that will need to be confronted if the draft returns. Documenting these prejudices might help registrants win appeals, and could provide ammunition for future local protests.

—Resistance News



DEAR BAD NEWZ

Glad you liked SCRATCH ACID, too sad ya didn't like TEXAS INSTRUMENTS! Of course not too many people would like them both. They're about opposite ends of the spectrum. "i masturbated at sids funeral" and "morning sickness" were both cool & very very funny. HOWEVER, there is nothing funny about J. Pat. He is the Tulsa skinhead with the nerve to put out a zerox-mini zine endorsing FAGBASHING etc. His little bit about how lame the Austin scene is really got my goat! #1 he is totally a complainer and doesn't like anything but skinhead bands. Too bad cause we have no skinhead bands in Austin these days, so he thinks it sucks. And if he was so fucking hip, he'd know SCRATCH ACID broke up a long time ago, right after "Berzerker" came out. He lives in Tulsa anyway & we all know how hip...

I agree Clive Pig is wimpy wimpy wimpy & NAKED RAYGUN are the coolest! SHAVED PIGS are cool, it's funny about the penthouse, I knew they had to have \$ to do that packaging.

The new TEXAS INSTRUMENTS LP is way better--out in March, produced by Spot & yes it has a Dylan cover too.

OK I got a demo from MY SIN too. Can you get more into your opinion of this stuff? I mean, I have a thing against synthesizers but I thought this was pretty interesting stuff. VAN GOGHS EAR is a great name for a band.

Keep in touch,

Laura Croteau, Rabid Cat Records, PO Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765.

(Ed. note. The stuff from J.Pat wuz lifted straight out of the Mutilation Graphics T-Shirt catalog, and wuz probably written a long time ago...)

BAD NEWZ,

Down here in Corpus Christi we have a very good scene. Shows happen at least twice a month. Bands that play in Corpus locally include ANGKOR WATT, FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL, ANNIHILATOR, CRIPPLED BY SOCIETY, DEVASTATION, ROTTING CORPSE, NELLDOGS, & the WILLIES. Almost forgot POETIC NOISE and THE CRAYONS, two new bands with potential. Other bands that have come down are DRI, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, DARK ANGEL, BLOOD CUM, MDC, & RIGOR MORTIS. The next show is a metal show with Mercenary and Devastation on December 11, 1987.

The best bands from here are ANGKOR WATT, When ANGKOR WATT plays they turn out large crowds. During the SUICIDAL show, ANGKOR WATT had finished their set and SUICIDAL was setting up and people were still yelling ANGKOR WATT!

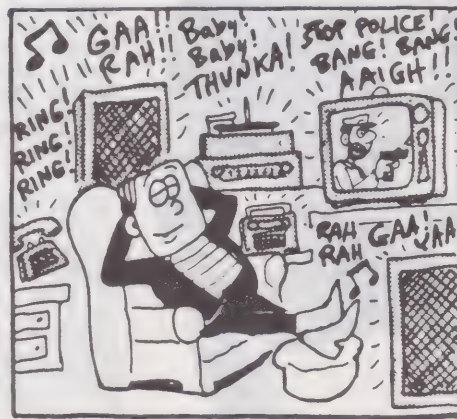
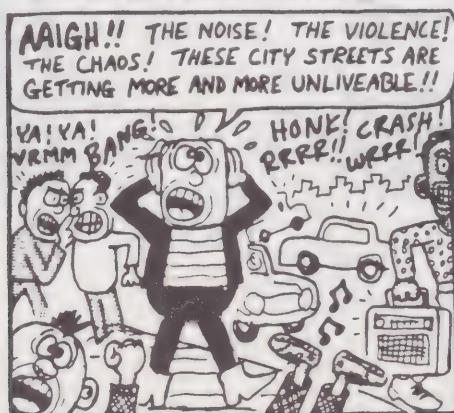
Well there are no zines out of Corpus Christi. There is one zine from San Antonio, but I can't remember the name. Well sorry I have to go, I know this is a short & messy letter, but I have homework. Oh yeah, if it is no trouble at all could you please send me some flyers from your area.

Thanx,
Michael Fuentes, 5001 Concord, Corpus Christi, TX 78415.

P.S. Peace, love, and a positive mind.

TWISTED IMAGE

by Ace Backwords @ms



bob!

hi, my name's Rosaria Canale and I put out this zine "VOID". I know it's old news, but I hope you like it anyway!

Not too much happening out this way, an occasional show, maybe twice a month, it's not too bad. There's only 2 places that allow hardcore/ punk, and they're Fenders Ballroom and the Hoover Center Gym. Fenders is usually the spot where big time promoters put on shows. Most of the time it's Goldenvoice--they bring in a lot of out-of-town and overseas bands, but the price is usually steep--12 to 15 dollars. Considering the majority of punks are underaged, 15 bucks can be murder.

The Hoover Center holds most of the smaller shows and they usually cost around 3 to 5 bucks which isn't too bad...cuz they always have 5 or 6 bands on the bill. What a deal!

Bands out this way are FINAL CONFLICT who have their LP out on Pusmort...finally! One of the better bands to come from the L.A. surrounding areas!

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE SYSTEM are another--and should or will in the future have a split EP/LP on Motorhate records, if not by now!

Very powerful and political. More metal than punk but it's not as nerving as most, it's actually pretty good. But I haven't heard too much from them lately so it might mean they've called it quits. I hope not!

From my part of the Valley comes THE GRIM--who fit their name--not in the way that their sound is gloom--they're just not that good-boring at times--your average punk! They also have a couple of records out. They're on Mystic records--that should give you an idea of what they sound like. Another is FATAL ERROR, who have been around for something like 6 years and have changed their line-up like 30 times--and who have yet to put out a record--but who have one killer demo! They've said there will be one in the future--a record, that is.

Well, that's about all I can think of at the present. ooh, I'm a girl, I'm 25 years of age--a punk for Life! I do a bit of skateboarding--not much anymore! No time. Jobs suck! If you want to write back that would be great--and if you're wondering where I got your address, well it was from a chain letter--See! they do work! Wow. ok. Maybe we'll hear from you soon!

your friend,
Rosaria Canale
20338 Keswick St.
Winnetka, CA 91306



Yo Bob,

Thanks for BAD NEWZ & all the other shit. All of it gets reviewed in the next issue of THIS, which should be out in about 3 weeks. It's got DEAD MILKMEN, DEFOLIANTS, JUNE BUG MASSACRE, OTIS BALL, and maybe GWAR. It depends on if they get their interview back to us on time or not. Anyways, I pretty much dug BAD NEWZ, yer doin great things for NY obviously. I wasn't really into the punkture/poetry stuff as much but thats not really my scene at all. I just do bands I like. Anyways, in the next contact list you do for BN, I'd appreciate it if you'd put us down as someone who can book shows in the Chicago area. Me & Dan (my "colleague") are doin gigs at a place in Dekalb called The Wesley Foundation. We've done two shows so far (w/DEFOLIANTS, NURSERY, OBVIOUS MAN, & w/DIDJITS, BLATANT DISSENT, RUDIE CYCLONE) and they were both great successes. All the bands got paid at least a hundred bucks, and 200-250 people showed for each night. Anyways if you know anyone who's gonna be on tour in the area from August thru December, have them get in touch with us and we'll see what we can do. We're honest and aren't making shit off the shows. Addresses & phone numbers below. We may be doin a few gigs over the summer but we just ain't sure yet. Umm, lesee, what else is goin on. Oh yeah, we may doin DeKalb scene reports for MRR soon, but that's just an idea we're throwing around. Dekalb's scene is getting pretty huge but its still nothing to lose sperm over. Umm,..guess thats it. thanx again and hear from ya later

Greg Dunlap, 500 Clover Lane, Bolingbrook, IL 60439, 312-759-1670. Dan Grzeca: 312-629-5776.

PS. Enclosed are some of our slick business cards too. No, we didn't pay anything to have them done. Give us some credit.

Bobby Z:

Long time no wind from your direction,how's your conglomerate of publications up in the rotten apple?I'm not doing dick shit down here but at least I'm not picking slugs out of the nun's anus like Rimbaud had to do,are you doing some election coverage or what? Did you hear about the new German punk band?They're called the Gas Chambers and they're playing on tour all over the fuckin' country HaiHaHa! Okay, okay, bad taste,I don't give a flying fuck. I'm your biggest supporter south of the Mason-Dixon unless you count the nutbar sending you poems from the state mentalshop in Lousiana....just to prove it Bob,just to prove I believe in what you are doing,I'm going to send a contribution, ten bucks,how will that be Bob?I'm not rich or anything and I don't want you to think I'm gonna start being a fucking gravy train for Artists & Sarris either okay?I'm sending some stuff too,if you don't like it, send it back Bob,the world is bigger than your rag so you know, don't feel obligated or anything.Send me a sample sometime. With salutations

K.R. Goold

IMAGE NATION

Desolation nation
syncopation nation
intoxication nation
masterbation nation
dehydration nation
simulation nation
fornication nation
violation nation
vacillation nation
obligation nation
renovation nation
insulation nation
assignation nation.



PHOTOS: NAUSEA AT
CENTRAL PARK ROCK
VS. RACISM CONCERT,
MAY DAY. THANKS
NEIL... THIS BAND
IS HOT, HOPE THEY STAY TOGETHER.

Yo Bob Z-

Been lookin at yer stuff fer quite some time now. I used to get it thru Lorri before I moved here, but have experienced some absent mindedness/ no \$ to forward stuff so I decided to go direct. Anyway without getting stoopid about the whole thing, I think what yer doin is fine an dandy an I wanna git some copies of Brat and enclosed are sawbucks for yer next Bad Newz thang. Also, I think you should feature more Lorri Jackson and Brian Clemons- they are great gush. They are also ex roomies of mine and I love them dearly. Now that I've dropped some names please also find enclosed some stuff of mine which you may or may not find interesting. If ya dont like it, use it fer T.P. Art is disposable.

Was involved in the political scene in Chicago fer awhile but burned out. All those fuckin bulgy eyed rhetoric spewing holier than me's got to be a bore, but the thought is still with me which is why I like your shit. Now I'm in L.A. with a buncha dorks who wear pastels all the time. Even the bldgs. are pastel. It's like the fuckin charmin army- squeezably soft in the brain. Ciao/ urg

Bella Dawna



DURING MY WORKOUT

A giant ant charges across the field, snarling at me (holy shit, I'm sayin) as I jog up the river road. I run faster but the ant closes in on me. "Fuck," It's almost as if I can see its teeth in a close-up I don't want to watch, When the ant's jaws tear through my pants scraping my flesh until it's raw "Godamn " I cry, Kicking the ant running fast I hear you have to cut the head off an ant a giant ant once it gets its teeth into ya'. "Uh-

Tomorrow I'm gonna buy tear gas if the ant attacks me again I'll blast it with chemicals. "Suck on this" As it lies there stunned and helpless, I'll kick it harder and harder smashing its head while it lies there yelping

I'll say, "You won't chase anyone anymore," then I'll smile, kicking its twitching body into a ditch, "Ha ha!"

Bob Z

Artists & Writerz Underground

SPRAY 'N' HOST

that JESUS looks a little CROSS-HEAVY to me.

Take a taste test for JESUS: have a bite of Deity "A" now, try a bit of Deity "B" now, just to be sure- try Deity "C"
"This Deity is too salty!"
"This Deity is RANK!"
"THIS Deity is JUST RIGHT!"
-remember kids, don't come home with bad dogma on yer breath!



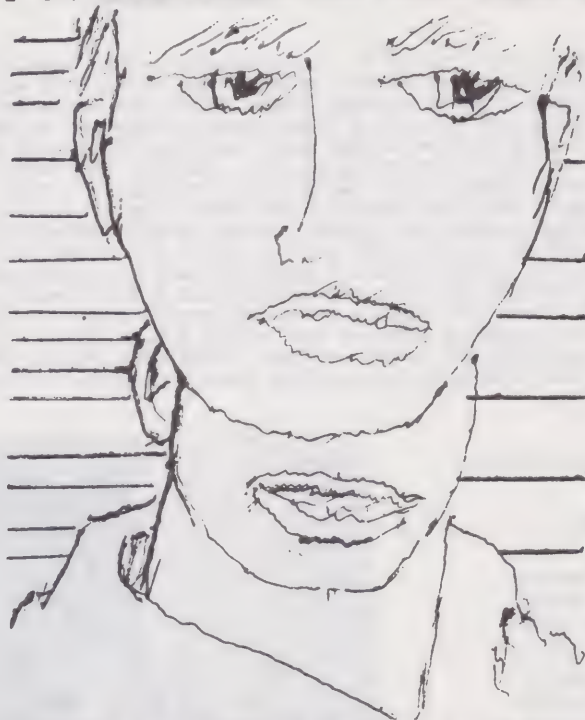
Mary had a BLOODY LAMB, BLOODY LAMB, BLOODY LAMB. Mary had a BLOODY LAMB in her SHOPPING BAG.

And everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went, everywhere that Mary went that lamb was sure to be dragged.

2 By MIKE EMOTIONAL YOMIT

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ALTERNATIVE fiction & poetry
7783 Kensington Lane
Hanover Park, IL 60103 U.S.A.

MARIJUANA II

corn is growing
everything is growing
death, a truckload of pearls
no one dares to steal

the last headline reeled past
a half hour ago
and now the sunset hangs in the window
like a barrel floating far out to sea

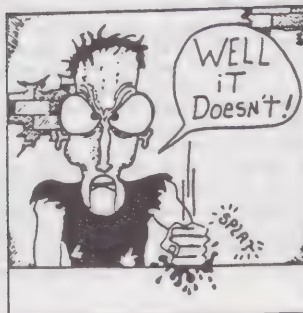
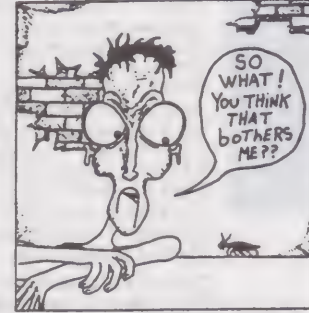
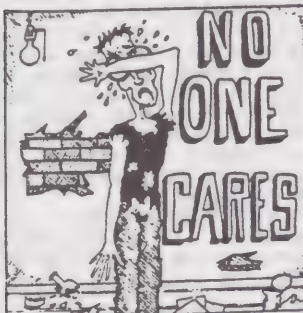
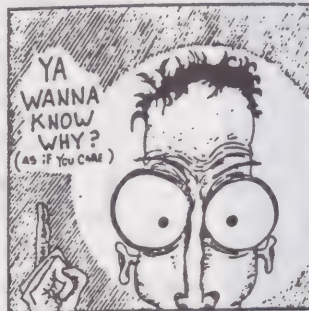
the first thing I observe upon becoming a protozoa
is the vastness of my world
and the awkward calypso of movement
shuffling above, through the glass ceiling

the growl of the lateshift
in my midnight legs
the fishbone of existence
has this city choked

so farewell to you, my potato head,
the seam is sewn
but it appears we're out of pot

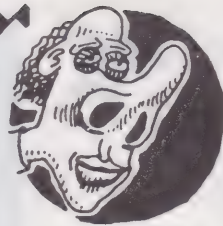
M. KETTNER

MISERY.



tickle baby JESUS
with a 75lb. Mallet
travelling a foot per second
right to the head
using the halo as a bullseye
driving bits of the manger
and chunks of "HIS" brain
17 feet into the ground 1/4/88

MIKE SCHAFER



Jonny Agency.

PUNK

THE OVERFLOWING RESTAURANT TOILET

YOUR PANTS ARE PULLED DOWN
THERE'S NOWHERE ELSE TO GO
YOU'VE GOTTA TAKE A SHIT
BUT THE TOILET'S OVERFLOWING
IT'S THE ONLY STALL
YOUR FRIENDS ARE IN THE PARKING LOT
YOU'RE TRYING TO AVOID
THE WATER OVERFLOWING FROM THE TOILET
GETTING INTO YOUR UNDERWEAR
WHICH YOU HAVE PULLED DOWN TO YOUR ANKLES
NOT EXPECTING THIS
YOU THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD BE OKAY
YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING
TO TAKE YOUR TIME AND GET IT OVERWITH
JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS OKAY TO SHIT
IT'S THE OVERFLOWING RESTAURANT TOILET
WHAT DO YOU DO?
CALL FOR THE MANAGER?
HOW
THE SHIT'S ABOUT TO FLY OUT YOUR ASS
U DON'T WANT SOMEONE TO SEE
YOU CAN'T STEP OUTSIDE
YOUR PANTS ARE PULLED
JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS OKAY TO SHIT
IT'S THE OVERFLOWING RESTAURANT TOILET



CARY

BELOW: VICTOR POISON-TETE RANTING AT THE ANTHRAX CLUB IN NORWALK, CONN.

ON 3-11-88. PHOTO BY PAT MOONEY.



CHRIS WINKLER

ARMY LIFE -FUCK!



BINDING CONTRACT

This article was written by an American soldier currently stationed in Germany in response to some articles written about the military in Bad Newz #7. Once you read it you will find out why this man wishes to remain anonymous, for who knows what they would do to him if his commanders ever found what he wrote.

The Army is a third rate career for third rate people offering skimpy security in exchange for twenty or thirty years of polite penal servitude. The Army is a master plan designed by geniuses for execution by idiots. If you are not an idiot, but find yourself in the Army, you can only operate well by pretending to be one. All the shortcuts and economics and common sense that your natural intelligence suggest to you are mistakes. Learn to squash them constantly asking yourself "How should I do this if I were an idiot?" Throttle your mind to a crawl, then you can never go wrong. The professional military mind is by necessity an inferior and unimaginative mind. No man of high intellectual quality would willingly imprison his gift in such a calling.

-- THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER, somewhere in West Germany, 1988.

reviews

OF ZINES...

CHRIS BY CAGGIANO

SKYVIEWS #24: Damn I wish this came in a binding of some kind. Trouble is, it's on many separate sheets, not all of them numbered, and some are numbered twice, and it's on different grades and colors of paper. Includes letters, analysis of mailart, scattered photos, captions, collages, stories, poetry, drawings and other aberrant stuff. \$2 to Box 2473, Seattle WA 98111

PHOTO ALBUM/EITHER-OR: These two offer two sides of the same coin. The first is a series of drawings with captions outlining a Halloween party, the other is a book of poetry, stories and comix. Cool. 25 cents each to Lydia, 21 Walnut Street #8, Malden, MA 02148

MUTILATION GRAPHICS T-SHIRT CATALOG: Gutgrindingly cool 'log from a buncha sick minds. Over 70 styles. Including this one with a guy about to blow his brains out, obscure movie ads, Chuckie Manson and more. Great Christmas gifts for distant relatives. Yow! \$1 to 3675 Oriole Ct., Shrub Oak New York 10588

THE PLAGUE DOCTOR #3, THE DREAM OF HEAVEN, QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN JONES, OTHER STUFF by JIM HAYES: Sorry, Jim, but I can't relate to any of this. Some pseudo-churchy stuff, ambiguous photos and a very old ad for accident investigators. Good if you hate stamps. 96 Marlon Street, Morgantown WV 26505

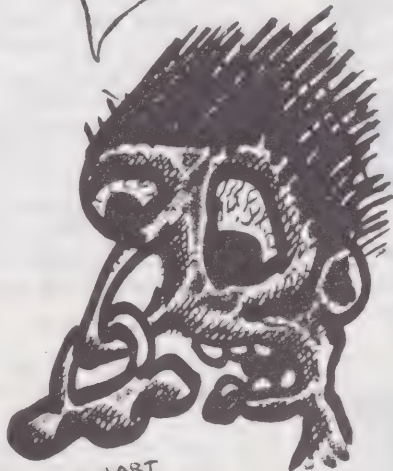
BULLSHIT MONTHLY #18: New format for this New York musiczine, but a bit late since this is the last issue. Cool photo up front and a nicely drawn rear cover wrap news, rumors, zine & record reviews, photos and a little-you know! Bullshit! Plus interviews with SFA, Underdog and Sick of it All. Hand written, though, so pay attention. \$1 to 89-58 215th Place, Queens U I I I a g e N Y I I 4 2 7

ON GOGOL BOULEVARD #2: Very nicely done. Closest compared to Reality Now, though as co-editor B'ob McGlynn states "There's nothing quite like it." Many features dealing mainly with anarchist/peace activists east and west. Real cool concept, with features from such places as Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Sicily and more, with many contact addresses and good illustrations. \$1 to 151 1st ave #62 New York N. Y. 10003



childrens stomachs are natural receptacles for pins and needles and broken glass. how about this for torture? pull out someone's tendons and BRAID them!

SCHAFER



HART



LOOKOUT! JESUS IS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

ARUNAS OF VAN GOGH'S EAR
MARK OF SAME BAND AT TIN PAN ALLEY, 2/13/88... LITERALLY BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN!

LETTERS

Bob Z:

Issue #7 has a lot of good stuff in it and thanks for sending it. I've been following the Biafra thing as much as I can and applaud your getting the word further out. This is a great country to live in, but it really has a knack for fucking up all the time. Shit, look at the price of music! You can buy a videotape with 6 Max Fleisher 'Popeye' cartoons on it for \$5, but people's cassettes cost almost twice that. Very fucking lopsided. Go ahead and print 'PUNK ROCK ASSHOLE'. No, it's not autobiographical. It's about some dumb fashion-ass I saw at one of my gigs once.

The music you've released looks pretty good. I'll order some when I find some money. I'd be happy to send copies of the stuff I record in trade for whatever of yours you think constitutes an equal. The stuff I do turns a lot of people off fast. I used to think about maybe giving a flying fuck about what reviewers have to say, but most of them are either (a) not musicians, artists, or anything; or (b) born too rich to realize that most people can't afford to go into recording studios to get that "clean, hi-fidelity" sound which they've grown accustomed to (and these fuckers don't belong anywhere NEAR an independent music scene or magazine and should be fucked in the ass with a horse's cock for ever opening their mouths).

Shit, it took me 6 years to upgrade my goddamn system to something that didn't hiss like a snake in a badger's jaw. Well, now I've got it and I'm gonna use the thing alright! Lately I've been mixing new music with older stuff on my tapes in order to try and find some meaning in this 700+ hours of disjointed racket. Here's some for you, maybe you'll like some of it... headphones & loud!

Don't Stop!
Bret Hart, 13001 Misteltote Spring Rd. #916, Laurel, MD 20708.

P.S. I'm enclosing a shitload of stuff published by my friend Paul Davison (New Space Press). Paul is one unselfish, amazing mother fucker and I urge you to mention his stuff, or to contact him yourself at 16-A Star Route, Potsdam, NY 13676.

AT TIN PAN ALLEY, 2/13/88.



Jehova's Suspect Ministries

"no flag, no Christmas, no nothin' "

Box 2864 c/s

Socorro, NM 87801



Dear Bob,

Here are four bucks. Send me your cassette zine #2. This is the first zine of this genre that I have heard of, and I think it's a great idea with lots of potential. I hardly know what to expect, but I'm sure it will be interesting. Are you interested in any recordings I or any of my friends could submit? **YEAH.**

I was exposed to taping in Atlanta, where I met a fellow by the name of Jackson who had a bunch of equipment. He would mix all sorts of sounds and signals to come up with some pretty hilarious and bizzare stuff. I exposed a friend of mine in Alamogordo, NM (my home town) to this idea and since then we have been putting stuff together every now and then. The scene in Alamogordo is naive but very diverse. They're not naive about reality, they're naive with respect to following the trends of other scenes. We all practically do some kind of art, one guy publishes a skate zine called the Page, and we have a semi-defunct band called the Sharp Stix.

I'm currently studying environmental biology at a fairly prestigious technical school called New Mexico Tech. It's small, isolated, laid back, and set in the seventies. Our phone book here is about as big as a TV Guide and the area covered stretches from the Rio Grande to the Arizona border and is about 80 miles across from north to south, so needless to say there are certain differences between here and where you are. Instead of urban alienation, we have severe isolation to deal with and big brother is absolutely everywhere. Each town has a large police force, the Border Patrol is everywhere searching for Mexicans and pot, and the military is constantly blowing things up. Oh well, I guess I'll end this letter.

GOD BLESS AMERICA
(AN BLOWSET UP)

Looking Forward to Your Reply,
Abe Franklin
Box 2864 c/s

Socorro, NM 87801

Thanks Oh So Much

and have a special kind of day

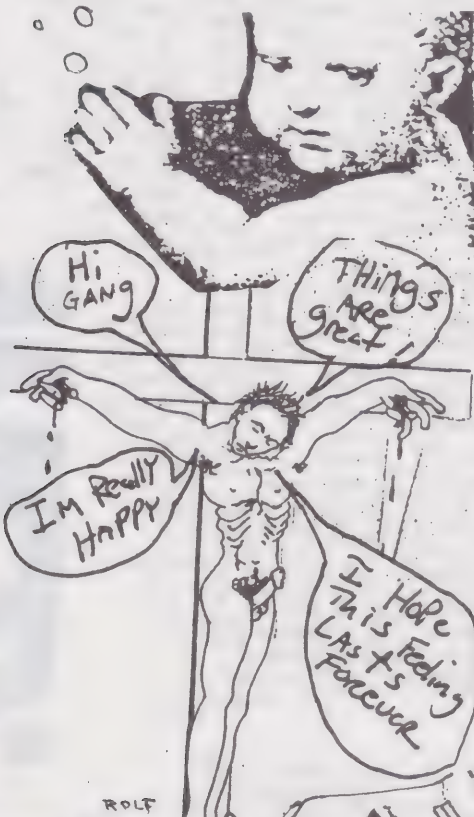


SNOT

BY THE HAND
OF GOD.



ARUNAS OF VAN GOGH'S EAR



ROLF

VAGINA #21 BY DONNY THE PUNK

When you are with me, Lord,
I am whole and complete

But when you leave me, Lord, I am
A plastic doll deflated
A rumpled set of clothes discarded
A light bulb dark without current
A computer without a program
A swimming pool drained of water
A train without an engine
An aquarium without fish
A car without gas

Do not leave me, Lord, I beg you down on my knees
Linger with me even a few moments more, Lord,
For without you I am empty and without purpose,
Mutrakartr.



WINKLER

NAUSEA, VAN GOGH'S EAR, MORE FIENDS, THE DREAM SMASHES, JESSE MALIN, BILL GREGORY + PUNCTURE RANTER @ TIN PAN ALLEY = 2/13/88

1 This was a benefit for STOP-GRO that did what it was supposed to and then some. Without being able to hang posters to let people know about this event, the bands and others involved with this thing were able to through word of mouth and through writing letters and announcing it on the radio bring out a crowd of over 200 who stayed there all night to hear the consistently great punk rock that made this one of the best punk shows in New York in months. This was without a doubt a punk crowd, it seemed like every punk hidden under every rock and from every squat in the city knew about this thing and were partyin their faces off. Liberty spikes were everywhere, and I thought I stepped on a few that had fallen on the floor, especially



4 and who never knew this law existed (or else if they did they never would have even attempted to hang any posters) get the shit end of the stick no matter what they say or do. Brendan Sexton, the commissioner of the Sanitation Department, and Ed Krotch, the mayor, are the two responsible for this. The weird part about it is even campaigns of politicians have been fined, like Mario Cuomo and Mark Green, thousands of \$\$ for this offense. But the difference is they can afford to pay. And the stupidest part of this is there is never any warning for a first offense, just instant hundreds or thousands of dollars worth of fines.

Well, this show was an attempt to raise people's awareness of what's going on and to have fun and raise money for legal fees at the same time, and it worked on all counts. The following people have to be thanked: Dan Obregon and Ed Powers for the brutal shitworking that makes concerts like this go, Glenn for coming early and lending a hand, and all the members of all the bands who all shared equipment and cooperated with one another and played for free and laid out bucks to travel and move equipment, in particular thanks to MORE FIENDS and VAN GOGH'S EAR for making the trip up from Philadelphia and making this show particularly cool by gracing the stage with their energies. MORE FIENDS did some new songs and some old ones and everyone was totally into it all. They sounded even tighter than I have heard them previously, more powerful, still pulsating guitars and some fun vocal duets between Allen & Elisabeth rounded out a great set.

2 mixed in with all the dust on the floor created when 2 sections of sheet rock in the ceiling collapsed in the middle of Van Gogh's Ear's set. The music didn't stop a beat and people went right on pogo-ing...the management of Tin Pan Alley deserves a lot of credit for their ability to consistently be home to the best punk rock shows in New York. As I've said before in these pages, we are lucky that there is such a place... very into the music and what the music stands for or is about, and it makes for very interesting shows that hopefully will carry over into other areas of life, like making real changes in the wrong things that exist in society, like the poster law in this case. The Sanitation Dept. is ripping off hundreds of people every month for hanging up posters in public places. The

3 law is written so that they don't even have to see anyone put them up to fine you, they just get your name or phone number off the poster and fine you 50 to 250 bucks for every piece of paper they find up. Since the court that adjudicates these summonses is run by their own department, they always find everyone guilty no matter what defense is presented, no exceptions, in order to raise for themselves the maximum amount of \$\$ possible. There is no right of appeal unless you pay the fine first, so for the hundreds of grass-roots businesses that can't afford to pay their huge fines let alone any lawyer fees (no free or court appointed lawyers allowed here--it's a civil, not a criminal case) you're outta luck asshole. That's the attitude of the city government...and hundreds of people who can't afford to pay

HAPPY

5 THE DREAM SMASHES were up first and did some new songs too, they just keep getting tighter and have their sound developed into something easily recognizable and all their own. They are looking at the possibility of multiple record deals in Europe at the moment, and negotiating the details within the next cupla months. These are also the guys behind the Dead Issue record label, and things are beginning to pick up for them. VAN GOGH'S EAR played a scorching set of songs of their first demo plus some new songs I haven't heard before. Mark their guitarist just soars, and his brilliant improvs and riffs never cease to amaze me. The audience had for the most part never heard of these guyz before, as they have not played in New York before, but I think the crowd was as impressed as I was. It was during this set that the ceiling collapsed, but not a note was missed by either the band or the



BRAIN

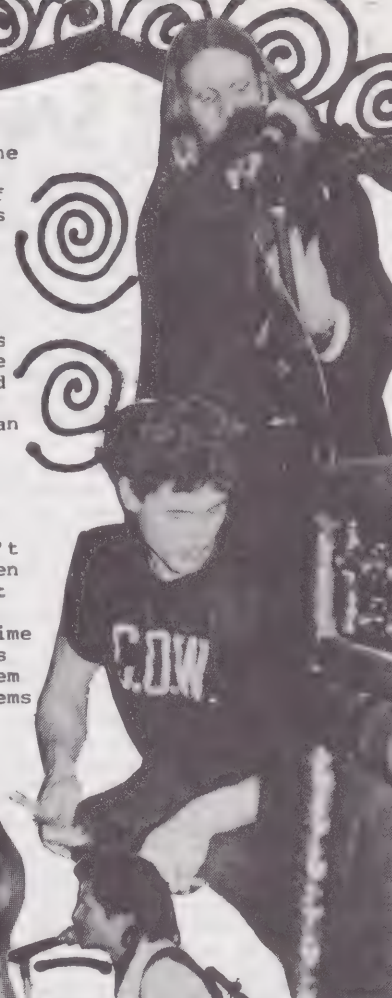


CONTINUED

SMART

audience. I should not forget to mention that there was more than just bands at this event. Bill Gregory, the force behind ANY OF SEVERAL WEASLES played some acoustic numbers, and so did Jesse Malin of HOPE. Jesse's set started to become a bit too mellow for the crowd I think, who were pumped for high energy stuff, but the sound of Jeanette from APPLE (who couldn't play due to guitarist Mike's illness) and him together doing I think it was Blowing in the Wind was pretty cool. I was standing right in front and I remember watching Jeanette sing--she has the kind of voice that you just can't believe it's coming out of a human throat, the tones so clear and beautiful, pretty rare to find in a punk setting. Well we tried getting a tape of the Van Gogh's Ear set but somehow it just didn't come out so if anybody got a recording of it, (maybe the dood who videotaped it?) please get in touch with this zine, if it's good quality we'd like to do something with it like put it on a comp tape or record. Victor Poison-Tete and Dave Huberman both got to do some punkture readings, and I was able to impart some rantted awarenesses to the congregation as well, but both the above performers deserve my thanks for coming down and doing

their thing for nothing just to support the cause. NAUSEA came on last and blew everyone away with their socially aware hardcore. Singer Neil said something toward the end of the set that was pretty intense, and that is that "we all have to do whatever we can to fight the system, to change things" and I thought that pretty much summed up a lot of the reason for more than a few of those gathered, who before this event happened really didn't know the details of the city's poster law and what is happening to people because of it. NAUSEA has a new drummer and he can really play--definitely a plus for the band, coupled with Victor (also in Reagan Youth) on guitar, and the band's great attitude, it was appropriate to end the night's festivities with these guys sending about a hundred punks into midair for 45 minutes. I could live without the shouting of their second vocalist, whose name I didn't catch (Ann?) but who sounded like she'd been listening to too many Slayer tunes--couldn't understand a word, but with everything else going on, no one looked too sad. By this time there was lots of dust on the floor (remains of the ceiling) being kicked up and the mayhem wound itself down without a problem. It seems the only complaint anyone had was why don't shows like this happen more often?



aRE YOU interested...

In putting two or three tracks on a French compilation tape? If so, PLEASE send me a tape and details (+photo) of your band.

In return, I will send you a copy of my compilation including your band.

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21

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords

GEE RONNIE, WE SURE DON'T NEED DRUGS!

THAT'S RIGHT, NANCY! WE'RE NATURALLY OUT OF TOUCH WITH REALITY.



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TRIGGER VISION • THE DREAM SMASHES • SINK MANHATTAN • KING HATRED • FALSE PROPHETS

2/5/88
PATERSON ELKS' LODGE

Jesus fuckin Christ this show was nonstop brutality, just amazing punk rock, every band wuz fuckin wailing, except maybe the False Prophets, who did not have a good nite musically. It was their drummer's last gig with the band and maybe they were tired or something, but their timing was off. This show was supposed to be a benefit for the STOP-GRO cause, the 1st in a series of 2 benefits that would conclude with the Tin Pan Alley show on 2/13, really an emergency effort aimed at raising \$\$ to pay legal fees.

Dan the D.A. of Triggervision, of ANT SPOIM zine and SMASH APATHY zine wuz the saintlike driving force behind the organization of this event. He wuz the David who slew the Goliath in finding a venue within the space of a week using only his slingshot of a telephone and his well-oiled wits. Unfortunately it wuz midwinter and fucking cold outside and Paterson New Jersey is kind of out of the way for jaded Manhattan types and only 20 or 30 people actually paid at the door, which was totally dismal. The show ultimately lost about 50 bucks, all of which came out of D.A.'s pocket, plus about 50 more to boot which he unselfishly threw into the STOP-GRO pot...and that's without paying any of the bands a penny, except for 10 bucks to Sink Manhattan who came all the way from Phillie and rented a fucking tugboat to cart their metal shop equipment up to the gigsite. It ain't like we didn't try to tell people about this event. I stood outside the door of CBGBs on Jan. 29th during the Biafra-Alice Donut-False Prophets show in the 10 degree cold and handed out like 500 flyers to people who wanted them...I did a mailing like to 300 punks...it was on the radio and stufh, and D.A. did his own promotion work...and only 20 or 30 people came. The hall itself wuz weird...home of the Poobah, a fucking elk's head on the wall and huge chairs that Ralph Kramden types sit in while wearing squirrels hats and smoking cigars...amazingly enough when it was all over the Paul Bunyon who rented D.A. the hall couldn't wait to have him back again...they were real friendly. But who knows how much extra cash D.A. had to grease this guy with in order to let the show go past 1 A.M. ...in the middle of Triggervision's set, D.A. is on the fucking floor writhing around like a snake and so is Bryan playing bass, and Paul Bunyon walks in and turns the lights on, sez something to D.A., and then walks out again, and

what do you know, they got the hall to use for another 40 minutes. The highlight for me musically had to be SINK MANHATTAN, these guys are like nobody else, half master metal craftsmen and half off-the-wall musicians. Kevin impresses me as a visionary genius, he plays bass in this band and his bass has this incredible sound, don't know what he does to it, but the notes pour off and hang there, while about four guys are pounding on various found metal objects, and "conventional" drummer and guitarist combine for the sort of sound I can only describe as reminiscent of some obscure hellish ritual by mechanics. The finale was during this song "unsung" when this dood whips out a sander and starts grinding at some huge tin drum and showering the hall with sparks, that with the lights in the place turned down, wuz really incredible, and the band cranks up into this maniacal fury of a beat, with the the vocalist screaming out pulverized words in subtle political fashion & two guys hammering in synchronized rhythm on a ten foot tall metal thing shaped something like a bathtub, these guys first thing they asked me when they drive up is, know where we can find any scrap metal 'round here? and they gave out "flyers", sheets of metal with the band name burned in 'em...plus I gotta thank Harry Baggs for carting in the P.A. system for free...this whole event wud not have happened if not for Harry's generous donation of his time and energy. King Hatred played their first gig in New Jersey and wuz very well received by a crowd totally unfamiliar with what they do...their guitarist cranks out some wild riffs and Malcom Tent's lyrics are in suitably bad taste. Everyone I spoke to liked this band. The Dream Smashes were tight and really powerful, and unselfishly let the False Prophets play ahead of them on the bill when Stefan made a sudden, unexpected announcement that his band had to go on next or else they would have to leave. This seemed sort of strange, as it was Stefan himself who insisted that his band go on after the Dream Smashes, that his band should have "top billing" since they were going to draw "the biggest crowd" when he called me up a couple of daze before the show. I have nothing against

WEAR EAR PROTECTION (Noise)

CONTINUED

XX

what are you doing tonight ? * ? * ? * ?

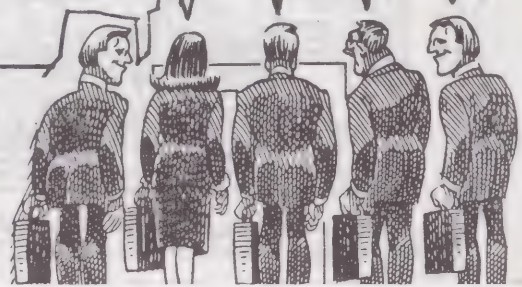
CHECKING ALL MY DOLLAR BILLS FOR IMPERFECTIONS IN THE ENGRAVING

REARRANGING THE FURNITURE IN MY NEWLY RENOVATED APARTMENT ON 7th Street & AVENUE D

MASTURBATE IN THE TUB WITH MY DOG NAMED "STAIN"!

GOING TO MY THERAPIST, AND THEN MY ANALYST

NOTHING



Stefan, in fact, I like and respect the guy, but it ain't too cool to demand a particular spot on the bill and make everyone else work around you and then decide at the show that you wanna change everything up again and make everyone work around you even more. Yeah, it wuz cool that Stefan brought the Prophets

down to contribute and play for nothing, the guy wouldn't even let me give him gas money, but in all fairness the Dream Smashes were listed on the bill as going third by Stefan's own request, and it was stretching things in light of everything else that was going on to rearrange the order again the night of the show. For one thing, the Dream Smashes were all set to go, they had their drum kit all set up and ready when Stefan said his band "had to go on now"... HIS drummer wasn't set up and took a good 10-15 minutes to set up, as it turned out...this was a BIG problem for the other bands who had to play after the Prophets, cuz we only had the hall until 1 AM, at which time it was gonna be all over...on top of that, the last band to go on wuz Triggervision, D.A.'s band, and he wuz the guy who organized the whole event in the first place, and the Prophets rearranging the order of things like they did delayed the gig and therefore cut time off Triggervision's set.

Having gotten that off my chest, a thank you goes out to the Prophets and all the other bands for their involvement with this show. Even tho it lost \$\$ it was lotsa fun.

Howdy howdy. Due to a paperwork foul-up (sort of) I spent the month of February in jail. They brought my mail to me at the jail house. The deputies checked it out for contraband as per procedure (i hate that word). Apparently they read "Butthole Blues." Shortly after mail call (I didn't get the envelope), they pulled me out and brought me into the office. The envelope was on the desk. The cops told me in loud voices that I was "Messin wid shit a hell of a lot bigger 'n yew are boy!" and they imparted this little gem of wisdom to me: "Yew keep own messin w' shit like this, and sumpin's gonna come up and snatch yew off to hey-ull, an you'll never see this wurld again, boy!" They put it in the inmate property room, and I didn't get it until I was transferred back to the funny farm a couple of days ago. The cops were hollering about fucking god, so I figure 'vomiting in the Lap of the Holy Ghost' must have been the one to catch their attention. Hahahahaha!

Enjoyed the Butthole Blues zine, and Selected Ooze. Second Language by Ed McGrath was pretty cool.

Later, Sean Lee Avery, Gabriel-4, E. Louisiana State Hospital, Jackson, LA 70748. P.S. How did you come out in court? (I have a feeling I already know).



"A"

ALBUM COVERS

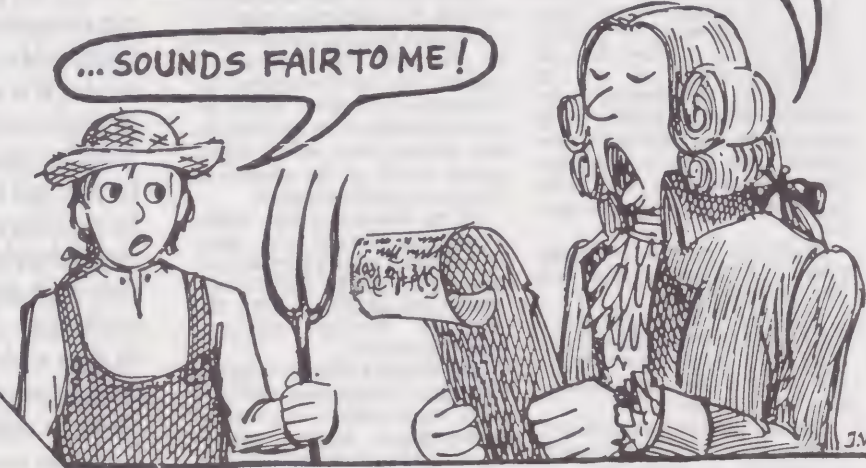
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...SOUNDS FAIR TO ME!



SUBSCRIBE TO BAD NEWZ: 3 issues postpaid for \$6.00. Thissiz bargain basement prices for a fanzine, folks,... help us keep it goin or it won't.

FROM "ANN ARBOR NEWS,"
MAY 3, 1988. THANKS
REV. ETC. FOR SENDIN IT IN:

Council Republicans slamming brakes on skateboarders

By TINA LAM
NEWS STAFF REPORTER

Skateboarders who practice on downtown sidewalks and park benches in Ann Arbor will face tickets, fines, impoundment of their skateboards and court dates under a new city ordinance that won preliminary approval Monday night.

After months of pressure from an association of downtown businesses that wanted a downtown skateboard ban, the City Council's new Republican majority gave the Midtown Group what it wanted.

Not only that, but the merchant group's pressure for an end to "sign pollution" downtown led to a citywide ban on posting signs on telephone poles and lampposts, in a second ordinance that won preliminary approval from the council.

The two laws outraged some Democratic council members. "This sounds like a desire to eliminate the behavior," said Jeff Epton, D-Third Ward. He insisted on a joint public hearing on the two ordinances and on a third law proposed by Police Chief William Corbett that would prohibit drinking alcohol from open containers on the street, a move aimed at controlling summer art fair crowds.

Republican Mayor Jerry Jernigan said skateboarders have an alternate place away from the city center to enjoy their hobby: a new skateboard ramp built at Veterans Park last year.

The new ordinance would allow the city to designate areas where skateboarding would be prohibited, and the aim is to keep them out of Liberty Plaza and an area bounded by Washington, State, William and Main streets, Jernigan said. The law stems from complaints about noise and shoppers who are afraid of the skateboarders hitting them, Jernigan said.

He said he knew of few instances where pedestrians actually were hit by skateboarders.

"They have this in other cities, East Lansing and Brighton," Jernigan said. "We can try it this summer. If it doesn't work, we can take it off the books later."

The city spent \$2,875 last year to replace flower planters and benches destroyed by skateboarders in Liberty Plaza.

Under the ordinance, skateboarders would be ticketed and their skateboards impounded "as evidence" until their parents came to rescue the skateboards. Jernigan said he figures that after one or two trips to the police station, parents would keep their children from skateboarding downtown.

City Attorney Bruce Laidlaw said fines of up to \$100 could be imposed, and those who had the money but refused to pay could conceivably end up in jail. Jernigan said the city could tell police to issue a warning or two before ticketing skateboarders.

But Democrats said ticketing skateboarders and impounding their boards is the wrong approach to the problem.

"Why isolate one group of people," asked Larry Hunter, D-First Ward. "I won't defend the actions of the kids, but their destruction is no worse than at softball fields and Gallup Park."

The city already has laws on the books to prevent destruction of property and isn't enforcing those, Democrats said. Kathy Edgren, D-Fifth Ward, said the new skateboard ramp at Veterans Park was never intended as the only place for skateboarders in the city.

Because of complaints from downtown merchants and Detroit Edison, whose workers must scale telephone poles littered with signs and occasional large nails or tacks, sign-posting would be prohibited everywhere.

Epton said the city has already decided that enforcing minor infractions is not a high priority, given the push for enforcement against more serious crimes. Republicans campaigned in the recent city elections on the crime issue, saying they would target police efforts at the burgeoning drug and break-in problems.

"If we criminalize this (skateboards sign-posting) and make them illegal, we will have to have police engaged in enforcement. That's not consistent with the priorities already expressed here," Epton said.

Edgren said making it illegal to post signs on telephone and light poles would make it a crime for grandmothers hosting garage sales to put up their signs in residential neighborhoods. "If you enforce this downtown, you'll have to

Dear Bob, (Talk-Action=0)
I read your letter (guest opinion) in MRR #59. I can believe the shit you're going through, & have experienced my own personal attacks of censorship & "Big Brother" conspiracy brain-wash tactics. I can't Really help you in terms of dollar amounts, but, being a fellow member (& no membership fees are required-hal!) of the underground--Counter Culture, I am showing you my support. Good luck to you. You'll beat this fucking lame excuse for a court case. FUCK AMERICA. I'm behind you all the way. Fuck the society sheep. PROTEST & SURVIVE.

Take it sleezy,
Bloody F. Mess



AT
LEFT:
TRIGGER-
VISION
AT
P.C.A.,
5/1/88,
PHOTO
BY
PAT
MOONEY

A WORD ABOUT THE FORMAT CHANGE:

Anyone who has seen past issues of BAD NEWZ knows that it was printed on 11 x 17" paper and folded in half, saddle-stapled on the spine. As you can see, such is not the case with the current issue.

Unfortunately we have lost access to the facilities used to print BAD NEWZ on 11x17 paper. For a number of different reasons, we have had to go to the new format...the most important of these reasons is our printer does not now have a press that can handle 11x17" paper...

We would like to keep BAD NEWZ at its original format but need to find an inexpensive printer who has the capability to print on 11x17" paper in order to do this. Does anyone out there work in a printshop or know someone who does and who would like to be a part of this thing? Our address is on page 3 and we want you.

Speaking of printing, BAD NEWZ thanks Fred and also Bill for massive amounts of much needed help and expertise they have offered in this area...this is the blood and guts on which a zeen runs, and this particular zeen owes a lot to both of them.

Kathy Edgren, D-Fifth Ward, said making it illegal to post signs on telephone and light poles would make it a crime for grandmothers hosting garage sales to put up their signs in residential neighborhoods, not just end sign pollution downtown. "If you enforce this downtown, you'll have to enforce it there as well," she said.

enforce it there as well," she said.

Liz Brater, D-Third Ward, said sign-posting is a way for groups without much money to advertise for free, rather than having to pay to advertise their events in newspapers.

Said Hunter: "The bottom line is this ain't going to work. This is a city filled with students and young people. You're always going to have that. It's part of doing business here. I guarantee you the city won't be any cleaner."

The city's current ordinance allows people to post signs announcing events as long as they are dated and that for each sign put up, the person will take down five others on the pole or post.

The vote on the two proposed ordinances was along party lines, with six Republicans voting to approve and five Democrats voting against each.

A public hearing on the skateboard, sign-posting and open container ordinance changes will be held on June 13, with council's final action scheduled June 20.

LIVE SHOW MISINTERPRETATION: APPLE, FALSE PROPHETS, HALF A CHICKEN, JOHN TREND & DRAGWORMS, AND BILL GREGORY & RANCID COW + PUNKTURE AT JOHN TREND'S LOFT

DATE: 5/21/88

I REALLY ENJOYED MYSELF AT THIS ONE. THE BANDS WERE GREAT, A DECENT SIZED CROWD CAME, EVERYTHING WENT OFF SMOOTHLY EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN JOHN AND THE FALSE PROPHETS, WHO BOTH WANTED TO PLAY AT THE SAME TIME. JOHN STOPPED ARGUING WHEN THE PROPHETS SAID THEY WOULD PACK UP ALL THEIR STUFF AND LEAVE IF HE DID PLAY AND PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE WERE GETTING ON JOHN'S CASE BECAUSE OF IT, SO THE PROPHETS WENT ON AND JOHN WENT ON AFTER THAT, WHILE POOR BILL GREGORY AND HIS BAND WAS FORCED TO GO DEAD LAST, AROUND 3 IN THE MORNING...MEANWHILE BILL BROUGHT IN THE SOUNDBOARD AND WORKED THE DAMN THING ALL NIGHT LONG FOR ALL THE OTHER BANDS...I'D SAY HE GOT A SORTOFA RAW DEAL, BUT THERE WUZ STILL AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD A-BOOGIE-IN TO THE HOME REMEDIES HE AND HIS BAND WAS DISHIN OUT. I'D SAY THE QUALITY OF THE MUSIC ALL NIGHT LONG WUZ PRETTY HIGH, THERE WUZ A LOT OF ELECTRICITY IN THE MUSTY AIR OF JOHN'S BASEMENT, PEOPLE WERE GROOVIN IN AN ALTERNATIVE SPACE WITH NO BUSINESSLIKE DICKWEEDS TO RUIN THE PARTY...BOTH APPLE AND FALSE PROPHETS SETS WERE PARTICULARLY ON, THE FP'S SEEMED TO HAVE IMPROVED A LOT SINCE REPLACING THEIR NEW DRUMMER, AND APPLE SEEMED A LOT HAPPIER PLAYING HERE THAN IN THE LIMELIGHT, WHICH THEY PLAYED A COUPLA WEEKS BEFORE AND HATED WITH A PASSION. SEEMS LIKE NO BAND EVER PLAYS THE SLIMELIGHT TWICE, CUZ THEY GET STIFFED AND TREATED LIKE SHIT. THE ATMOSPHERE DOWN HERE WAS PRETTY FRIENDLY, I THOUGHT. IRA WORKED THE DOOR AND WUZ SURPRISED TO SEE SO MANY PEOPLE COMIN TO A SHOW IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IN BROOKLYN, AND JOHN SEEMED TO BE ON TOP OF HIS PART OF ORGANIZING THINGS...THE GUY GETS SO NERVOUS THOUGH! CHIP RUHNKE WORKED SOUND AND BROUGHT IN HIS OWN EQUIPMENT (ONE OF HIS POWER AMPS GOT BLOWN), DID A GREAT JOB IN TANDEM WITH BILL GREGORY ALL NIGHT AND LIKE BILL, REFUSED TO TAKE ANY MONEY FOR HIS TIME AND EFFORT. IT'S PEOPLE LIKE THIS THAT MAKE IT ALL HAPPEN, BEHIND THE SCENES, THE UNSUNG, UNNOTICED ONES THAT MAKE IT ALL POSSIBLE...I LEFT THIS SHOW WITH A NATURAL HIGH THAT LASTED 2 DAZE.

LIVE SHOW: MAY 7, 1988.

PLACE: WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK, NYC.

EVENT: REAGAN YOUTH INVITED TO PLAY IN THE PARK, UNDER THE ARCH, PRIOR TO THE MARIJUANA SMOKE-INN AND MARCH UP 5th AVENUE

A BEAUTIFUL DAY, PERFECT FOR THE PLANNED MARCH AND FOR THE MUSIC. UNFORTUNATELY THE BURNT OUT HIPPIES IN CHARGE OF THE WHOLE THING DECIDED AFTER REAGAN YOUTH PLAYS TWO SONGS THAT THEY HAVE TO STOP THE MUSIC NOW CUZ THE COPS TOLD EM TO. WELL REAGAN YOUTH DOESN'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT SEE, AND YOU CAN SEE LEAD SINGER DAVE ARGUING WITH THE 45-YEAR OLD HIPPIE ON STAGE. THESE GUYS LUGGED A FULL COMPLEMENT OF STUFF DOWN AND HAVEN'T PLAYED OUT AT ALL TOGETHER IN LIKE 6 MONTHS AND JUST START GETTIN CRANKED UP DOIN "JESUS WUZ A COMMUNIST", AND THIS BAND IS LIKE MAJOR SUP-PORTERS OF PEOPLES RIGHT TO USE GRASS WITHOUT BEING HARASSED, LIKE THE HIPPIE AUTHORITY IN CHARGE DOESN'T LIKE DAVE'S SNAPPING BACK AT HIM, JUST LIKE A COP DOESN'T LIKE SOMEONE STANDIN UP TO HIM, BUT DAVE HANGS TOUGH AND SAYS, "ALL RIGHT, WE'RE GONNA DO JUST ONE MORE SONG, BUT I'LL TELLYA RIGHT NOW THAT SONG IS FORTY MINUTES LONG." AND THE HIPPIE DUDE CAN'T SAY SHIT TO THAT SO HE KINDA LETS THE BAND DO 2 or 3 SONGS AND THEN HE GRABS THE MIKE OUT OF DAVE'S HAND STARTS YELLING AT THE CROWD BUT NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR HIS MOANIN, "ALL RIGHT WE CAME HERE TO DO A MARCH DIDN'T WE" AND HE WAITS FOR EVERYONE TO SHOUT AT HIM IN AGREEMENT BUT THEY DON'T SINCE THE ONLY PEOPLE SAYIN ANYTHING ARE FUNKS WHO DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT MARCHING THEY JUST WANNA HEAR REAGAN YOUTH AND FUCK THIS ASSHOLE, BUT HE SCREAMS AT EVERYONE NOW, THAT THE COPS ARE BREATHIN DOWN OUR BACKS AND THEY WANT US TO MARCH NOW OR ELSE WE CAN'T MARCH AT ALL CUZ WE'RE SUBSERVIENT TO THE COPS WE GOTTA DO WHAT THEY SAY, OR WE CAN'T HAVE A MARCH! NOW I ASK YOU, WHAT KIND OF MOVEMENT IS THAT WHERE EVERYONE HAS TO FUCKIN WALK OUT ON THE BEST BAND IN NEW YORK CITY WHO HASN'T EVEN FUCKIN PLAYED OUT IN 6 MONTHS TO GO FOLLOW SOME COPS DOWN THE STREET!!! NOW WHAT KIND OF DICKS WANNA DO THIS? WELL THERE WUZ LOTS OF SUBURBAN TEENAGE KIDS AND NYU STUDENTS OUT FOR A STROLL JUST HANGIN OUT AND CURIOUS BUT IN 5 YEARS WILL BE ACCOUNTANTS, REAL ESTATE SALESPeOPLE AND DIVORCEES GOING TO PSYCHIATRISTS ON A REGULAR BASIS, THAT A EVENTUALLY A THOUSAND OR TWO SMILING BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE SAID WELL WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO? ON THIS LOVELY SUN KNEE DAY, THAT WAS MY CUE TO GO WHIP OUT THE FRISBEE AND GET IT ON UNDER THE ARCHES.



PHOTOS: ABOVE-ORIFICE AT P.C.A., 5/1/88; LEFT-MIKE BULLSHIT (L) AND BOB Z (R) HANGIN AT TIN PAN ALLEY, 3/30/88, RIGHT- VICTOR POISON-TETE PERFORMIN AT SAME GIG, 3/30. ALL PHOTOS BY PAT MOONEY.



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City
of
New York



SINK MANHATTAN

Young people need quality entertainment, they are in search of it. The underground wouldn't continue to exist if this were not true. Young people see things through a sensual filter (so we have rock n roll). It is a natural time to question values, unfortunately our society has provided them with no framework. You have a choice between "Product A" or "Product B", democrat or republican. Unfortunately they tend to be pretty much the same thing once you peel off the packaging. Our "freedom" is no freedom at all. I would like to think SINK MANHATTAN helps to change that.

Michael Frechetto, Sink Man, 911 E. Passyunk Ave., Phila., PA 19147

THIS DOES NOT MAKE SENSE



NECROPOLIS

Necropolis
Necropolis
City of the dead
with bland complexions
and glazed gazing eyes
with absence of spirit
and absence of soul
a dearth of humanity
abundance of nothingness
worship the meaningless
pray to the god of mindlessness
Necropolis
Necropolis U.S.A.
Half of America lives
in a suburb of Necropolis

Sean Lee Avery

CUD BEAN
UNDER-COVER
SANITATION
'POSTER'
PIG

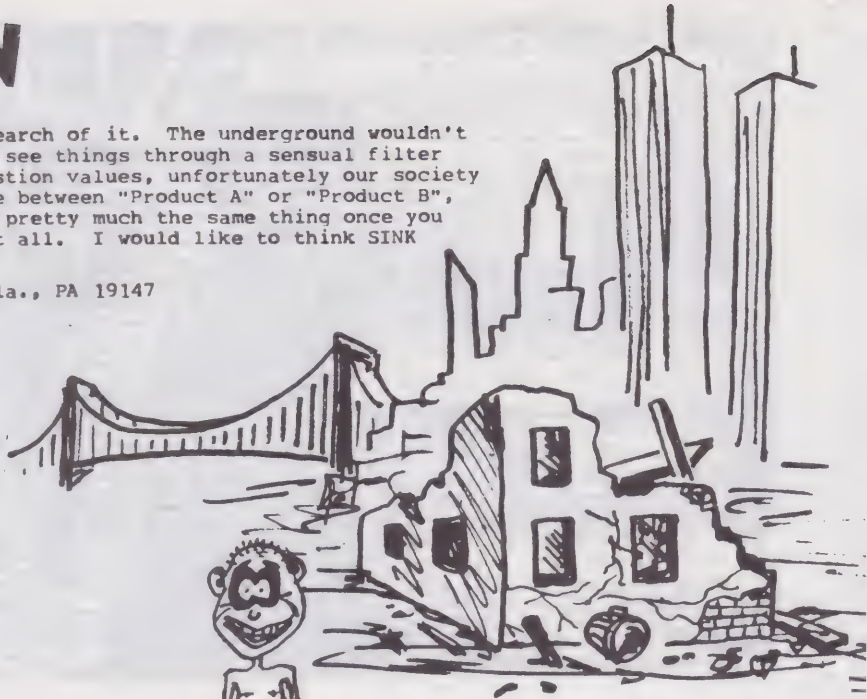


ILLUSTRATION =
GARY TSETS
FLY

PEO-f1



FREEDOM VERSUS AUTHORITARIANISM

ANARCHY IS FREE SOCIETY where there is no concentrated or centralized power, no state, no king, no ruler, no president, no magistrate or potentate of any character whatever. Law is the enslaving power, a rule of action, prescribing right and wrong. But Anarchists hold that it is wrong for one person to prescribe what is the right action for another person, and then compel that person to obey that rule. Therefore, right action consists in each person attending to his business, and allowing everybody else to do likewise. Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, an enemy of liberty. This is precisely what every statute does. ...The ridiculous nonsense that human laws are sacred, and that if they are not respected and continued we cannot prosper, is the stupidest and most criminal nightmare of the age. Statutes are the last and greatest curse of humanity, and, when destroyed, the world will be free, as statute law is the means by which the few trample upon the many. —A. Parsons

For no other reason than the opinions he held and advocated, Albert Parsons was hanged to death in Chicago on November 11, 1887 along with fellow-anarchists August Spies, George Engel, and Adolph Fischer. Crime is legal for the State.





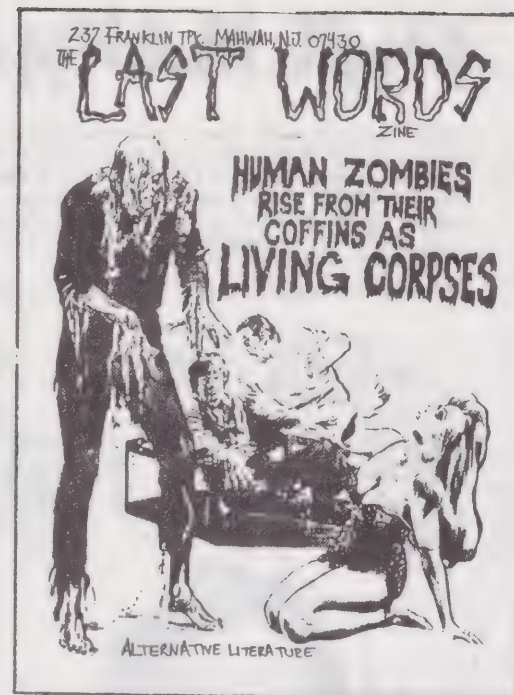
The desire for freedom ended

regimes in the past

today, the pattern of

revolution

continues to emerge.



TOM SCUT CHATS WITH DAVE M.D.C.

SCUT: Can you give a brief history of MDC?

DAVE: The band started, pretty much, in 1979. I got to be friendly with Franco and Ron Posner (the original guitarist) who were all living in Austin, Texas. We were part of the scene that included the Dicks, the Big Boys and the Offenders. Pre-that scene there were the Skunks and Patti Smith playing at the local bar and Devo coming to town. We noticed that the same 200 or so people came to all the similar type shows that had a new wave spark to them like the Runaways and Blondie. In 1977-78, there was a scene happening at a chicano bar called Raul's. I got to know Gary Floyd of the Dicks, he was a vendor at the University of Texas while I was a student there. He would sell juice and soda and cupcakes and stuff like that. We started talking to each other and I began finding our conversations more interesting than going to my classes. His view of the universe, which was in contrast to the perspective of small town Texas, that was full of hatred towards him and fear of themselves. He rose above it all and came to Austin. He had a purple mohawk and would drive by and call him a faggot and an asshole. He felt like "Fuck You, I'm doing my thing and I feel good about it". To me, it was the opposite of the blend-in generation of the 70s. So, we were one of the young bands of Austin and we grew up out of it. We were The Stains. We weren't natural locals, but we hung out and got to know people and had a good time in our own little world. Then we sent our record to Mickey Creep of Creep magazine and Jello Biafra and Tim Yohannon got ahold of it and Biafra invited us out to do a gig. So, we went out to California in 1981 and played with the Dead Kennedys and Black Flag down in L.A. We saw it was a big world and there was already a band called the Stains so we decided to change the name of the band.

SCUT: Can you explain that?

DAVE: We'd seen cops be brutal in Texas and you'd always hear about people being shot by them in Houston, but it wasn't until we got to LA that we saw the police so totally fucking with the punks. At the Cuckoo's Nest and the On Broadway, the cops would line up with guns and mace and night sticks and there would be helicopters overhead—it was like Robocop or something. They were just so brutal. There was a joke with us and the Dicks, we started saying Dead Cops, they don't deserve to live—they hate us, they hate our hair and clothes, there was no talking to them. They considered us the niggers of the 70s and 80s. They hated us and we were the people to beat up and no one would give a shit. So, we got really cynical and began saying Dead Cops. One day we were hanging out and Buck Parrot (original bass player of the Dicks) said MILLIONS of Dead Cops and we started laughing and decided that's it, the name will be Millions of Dead Cops.

SCUT: So, the name was more of an emotional response than a political one?

DAVE: It was saying something inflammatory that would piss people off and we knew that saying Millions of Dead Cops would piss off the police. We were saying, in our cynicism and emotionalism that "look, you're a cop, there's millions of you and we wish you were dead". Like the Dead Kennedys, we weren't saying we want to kill John and Teddy, it was saying the political system is so corrupt, it's sickening. We can say something like that and it can be disturbing that the youth of this country are saying and thinking stuff like Millions of Dead Cops and the Dicks and the Dead Kennedys and Agent Orange and Wasted Youth and Yeastie Girlz, etc. It was never a promotion campaign for a violent, communistic, Black Panther kind of politics, which some people did try to get us involved with. It's an interesting topic, many people have asked us about it, the people in Grass told us we had to take responsibility if some kid who gets beaten up by a cop goes back and kills the cops. They asked if we felt the blood would be on our hands. It shook us up at the time and we decided to use MDC as an acronym and let Millions of Dead Cops just be a phrase that reflected our feelings at the time. But, it's easy to get that mad because cops do kill innocent people. If you live in central Texas where the cops are the Klan and it's not like living in big city New York or liberal California, where it's easy to intellectualize pacifism, you can really feel the the hatred and I'm sure the people (in Central Texas) feel the same as the blacks feel in Johannesburg and how the palestinian kids feel in Israel. You feel like you're being abused and the people who are running the country don't do anything about it.

SCUT: Can you say something about the records MDC has released?

DAVE: In February 1981 we put out a MDC/Stains split 45, there were common members in both bands. We also put out the "John Wayne was a Nazi" 45 in 1981, there were only 800 pressed but we plan to put the tracks on a 12" with Chicken Squawk and Multi Death Corporations. Next thing you know we saving our pennies and working on the Millions of Dead Cops album. It all happened really slowly but finally in Summer 1982 we released it.

SCUT: What about Smoke Signals and the new album?

DAVE: Smoke Signals was kind of the in between sleepy phase of MDC. There were different personal things going on in each band members life. I know in my life, there was a new baby coming into it and there was only a certain amount of time for the band and, in a lot of ways, it seemed like the love boat, the commune MDC was drifting away and breaking up. We never had a fight or anything, we just wanted to do

M.D.C. CON'T...

other things in our lives. Ron, for example, wanted more out of life than to be in a punk band, so he opened up a skate shop. So Smoke Signals was a conglomeration of stuff. So many people were saying put out a new album and the kids want it and so we put it out. But it wasn't like a band who were hot to record and spent a couple of months in the studio to get something out. It took like a year, a year and a half to finish. It wasn't as well received as the first one, but Al (drummer) says it's his favorite album because it was MDC coming back together. Some people thought it wasn't as crucial and the political points not driven home as well as on the first album. The new album, Millions of Damn Christians, has been very well received. It was us jamming together and working hard for six months and then practice, practice, practice and cut, cut, cut and get the right takes and dubbing and it was recorded in six weeks at Hyde St. Studios. We're very pleased with it.

SCUT: What can you tell me about the cover of the new LP?

DAVE: We wanted to do something more smirky than heavy. It was a little more cynical. Al envisioned the Christian idea with the Da Vinci creation. We spoke to the San Francisco Wax Museum and the manager there, Curtis Huber, agreed right away. He thought it would be fun. So, we went down one morning about 5 a.m. and worked for a couple of hours before the place opened. Except for the four of us, those are all wax creations. We're wearing the costumes of the ones we replaced.

SCUT: What about the song S.K.I.N.H.E.A.D.?

DAVE: It's a chance for us to laugh at them, to poke more than fun at them, to poke their shit at them, the fact that they're so insensitive and bullyish. It's a long overdue statement about what's going on in our scene—who's driving the multi-death tank in our scene, who's the dead cop, the dead children, the asshole in our scene. All over the country, all over the world, all over the radical music scene, it's the skinheads who are messing things up. It's

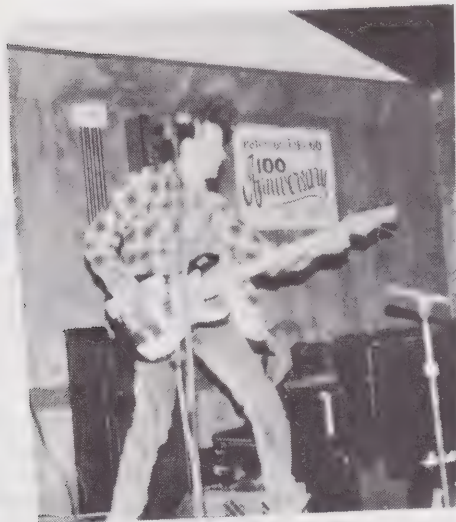
not all skins, there are some cool skins. But the people who wear the green military jacket, the doc martens, the American flag, who hate hippies and commies and peace punks. That's who we're aiming at—the fagbashers, the ones who threatened to hang a black woman off a bridge in San Jose last year. Some say they're not Nazis but they are racist and sexist and prey on folks they consider weak. That's how 30% of them are, as for the other 20% we're not picking on them. I'm just sick of seeing our scene destroyed by the 4 out of 5 who share the title skinhead.

SCUT: Any thoughts on Peace Punks?

DAVE: Well, I consider myself a peace punk, but it seems that those people who called themselves "peace punks" and who had all these hyper, super values and it was almost like you're not allowed to smile or wear white or feel good. But, after a couple of years of that, you can get tired. Some of the biggest peace punks I know are now into disco/reggae/rap and other things that have nothing to do with "peace punkism". I'm not trying to pick on them. They did what they did and thought it was right and were very vocal about it. There's a lot of people in our scene who go thru a phase where everything is incorrect and they think we can change the world if we criticize each other until everyone conforms to a politically correct formula of how to live their lives. I just got something in the mail where some guy in Liverpool claims I was up on stage talking about "chicks". I don't ever remember saying that, but this guy's ready to hate me, to call me a sexist asshole—he knows MDC for four hours and he's ready to judge me. What can I say? I'm not going to hold it against myself, I doubt I said it, but even if I did say something that was a tad sexist I can't hold myself in purgatory for everything that someone thinks he remembers me saying.

SCUT: Are you going to do more acoustic work?

DAVE: Yeah, the rest of my life. On vinyl? Supposedly. I went to the peace march and they were going to release a record. Mark from Positive Force said he was going to put acoustic style Chicken Squawk on it. I've jammed around and played with Michelle Shocked and the American Folk Network, they get together and you're able to meet all these old timers and do great crazy stuff. It's beautiful.

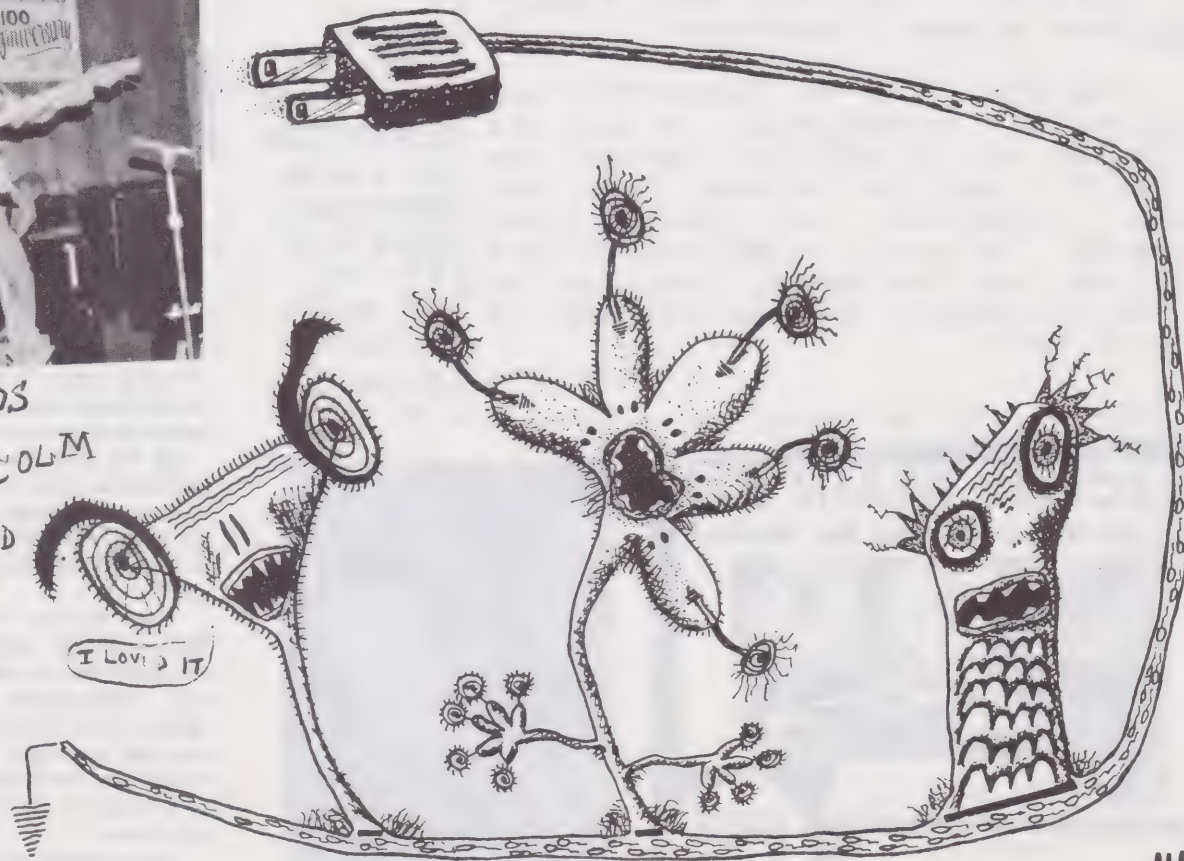


KING HATREDS

BASSIST MALCOLM
TENT AT THE
UNDER-ATTENDED
PATERSON
BLKS' GIG,

2/5/88.

THE C BANDS
WHO PLAYED
THAT NICE
WAILED SEVERELY,
BUT ONLY 30-40
PEOPLE CAME OUT TO SEE IT



TOO BAD. THE MUSIC WAS SO FUCKIN GOOD.



Did you ever hear what finally happened to Ronald McDonald?

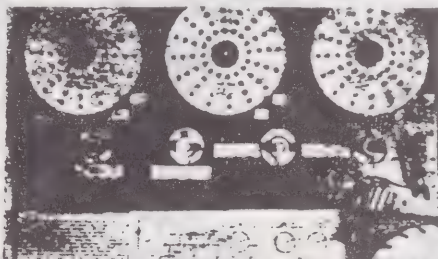
He went down to McDonald's one day for his McBreakfast. He had his McCoffee, his McJuice, his McEggs, his McMuffin, and his McBacon. He sat back, McBelched and picked his McTeeth. He paid his McCheck, walked out of the restaurant, started to cross the street, and was run down by a Mack truck.

-Rev Etc

PHOTO
TAKEN OF
ANNE-MARIE
HENDRICKSON
AT 3-30-88
SPOKEN WORD
MARATHON
AT TIN
PAN ALLEY.
BY PAT
MOONEY.
↓

ELECTRIC BRAIN KIT

Can you think faster than this Machine?



SCHAFER

FREE
PLAN



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

radiation laughing gasoline knee-slapping
money hiding genitals in coffee cups and playing
sex like scrabble I can buy an airplane ticket but
I can never really leave this country because of
the bleeding glowing hamburger always
in my mind the Winston cigarettes which I never
smoke but which weaned my thoughts
on their subliminal nicotine Geography is a giant
billboard and there is no escape only a reflection
of a black unchanging highway that will drive
you mad if you try to flee it I can live with just
books but unless I can stab the radiation from my
eyes kill the nicotine in my mind throw
up the highway in my stomach burn the bill-
board the car lots and the Caribbean vacations
from my shadow

You might as well give me another order

For I will never be able to escape genitals
in coffee cups sex felt like money punctuality
that promises profit and detergent that
gives only death

And you my Capitalist employer representing
the Christian God on this earth the discovery
that your soul could be raped after an
adolescent crisis where the unsuspecting
Christian soldiers of the coach the minister
the teacher raped yours

makes you want to grab me from behind force
me to be humiliated make me surrender my pride

Orders Orders!

But what is the mission?

The mission is for the good of the community
The mission is to foster a more healthy and vital
civic spirit
The mission is about our children's tomorrow
and their children's tomorrow

Yes

But what about Vietnam? Cambodia? Lebanon?

And the cold morning smiles that grin
from corrugated boxes the flesh that dies
on indifferent streets the flesh
that eventually dies for lack
of the machine that would make it a shadow



Don't

By Robert W. Zeuner,

"Good morning! My name is investigator Holmes. Do you mind answering a few simple questions?" If you open your door one day and are greeted with those words, *stop and think!* Whether it is the local police or the FBI at your door, you have certain legal rights of which you ought to be aware before you proceed any further.

In the first place, when the law enforcement authorities come to see you, there are no "simple questions". Unless they are investigating a traffic accident, you can be sure that they want information about somebody. And that somebody may be you!

Rule Number One to remember when confronted by the authorities is that there is no law requiring you to talk with the police, the FBI, or the representative of any other investigative agency. Even the simplest questions may be loaded and the seemingly harmless bits of information which you volunteer may later become vital links in a chain of circumstantial evidence against you or a friend.

Do not invite the investigator into your home! Such an invitation not only gives him the

What is the mission there?

the routine-no-longer-noticed launching of
a multi-billion dollar space vehicle suddenly
blowing up?

Was that the mission?

Or the distant but humiliating relationship
between employee and employer

The mission at this time is unclear

More money is therefore needed and more
credit against the unknown and more
is needed from the Bank of Biblical and the
Insurance Company of New Testament

The Book of Proverbs runs the First Bank
of Commerce

The Book of Ecclesiastes for the metropolitan
newspaper and a Final Solution for all
employees this is the mission
to build the most technological the most
rich society and then exterminate it because it
has become so routine
thinking is no longer noticed
exploitation no longer seen
humiliation is expected and
submission has become more natural
than breathing so then exterminate it exterminate
it all exterminate the healthy vital spirit exterminate
the children's tomorrow exterminate it all now
the multi-billion dollar space vehicle the
board room the already obsolete brand new Chevrolet
the Sundays and their illusion of surplus the Mondays
and their malnutrition for profit exterminate
them the emptiness of the punctuality the school
boards of punctious Christian soldiers
Exterminate them all now because they can no
longer feel they can no longer see they
can no longer tell freedom from slavery
life from death

they can only drive into their own
reflection and lose all flesh to a
shadow

So this is the mission Yes I understand now
I do I really do

I just can't tell now which one of is
flesh and which one of us
shadow

ARE WE OUT OF CONTROL? ...YES!

#4: CRIMPSHINE
"SLEEP, WHAT'S THAT?"
4 SONG 7" EP

#2: CRIMPSHINE
"CHET" 5 SONG 7" EP

OUT NOW (#1-5)

#3: OPERATION IVY
"HECTIC" 6 SONG 7" EP

#5: ISOCRACY
"BEDTIME FOR ISOCRACY" 6 1/2 SONG 7" EP

#6: AND COMING IN APRIL: SPOKEN WORD
"WHERE'S MY LUNCHPAIL?" 20 SONG LP

#7: PLANO RETURN
12 SONG 7" EP

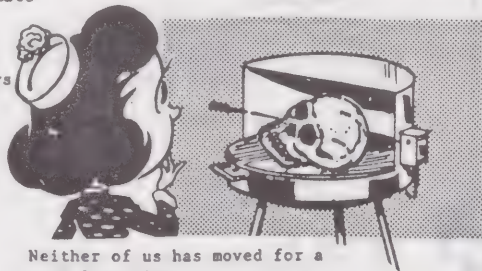
#1: THE LOOKOUTS!
"ONE PLANET ONE PEOPLE" 22 SONG LP

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LP \$5 U.S.
\$6 CANADA & SURFACE OVERSEAS
\$8 AIRMAIL OVERSEAS

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Neither of us has moved for a
very long time

And remaining frozen like that for
perhaps forever

makes me cry for that universal destruction
even more

PHOTOS: TOP - VICTOR
POISON-TETE AT ANTHRAX
3-11 88; MIKE BULLSHIT
DOIN SPOKEN WORD AT
TIN PAN ALLEY 3-30-88...
BY PAT MOONEY.

31



Talk to Cops!

Member of the New York State Bar

opportunity to look around for clues to your
lifestyle, friends, reading material, etc., but also
tends to prolong the conversation. And the longer
the conversation, the more chance there is for a
skilled investigator to find out what he wants to
know.

Many times a police officer will ask you to
accompany him to the police station to answer a
few questions.

In that case, simply thank him for the invita-
tion and indicate that you are not disposed to
accept it at that time. Often the authorities simply
want to photograph a person for identification
purposes, a procedure which is easily accomplished
by placing him in a private room with a two-way
mirror at the station, asking him a few innocent
questions, and then releasing him.

If the investigator becomes angry at your
failure to cooperate and threatens you with arrest,
stand firm. He cannot legally place you under
arrest or enter your home without a warrant
signed by a judge.

If he indicates that he has such a warrant, ask

to see it. A person under arrest or located on
premises to be searched, generally must be shown
a warrant if he requests it and must be given a
chance to read it.

Without a warrant, an officer depends solely
upon your helpfulness to obtain the information
he wants. So, unless you are quite sure of yourself,
don't be helpful.

Probably the wisest approach to take to a
persistent investigator is simply to say: "I'm quite
busy now. If you have any questions that you feel
I can answer, I'd be happy to listen to them in my
lawyer's office. Goodbye!"

Talk is cheap, but when that talk involves the
law enforcement authorities, it may cost you, or
someone close to you, dearly.

(Editor's note: This information has been printed
many times over the years in a variety of publica-
tions. If you would like a large-size copy suitable
for posting, please send a stamped, addressed
envelope to me at Post Office Box 3488, Tucson,
Arizona 85722, and I'll send you as many copies
as possible for the postage.)

POST OFFICE HELL

by David Huberman

Hey you four-eyed clown
What you doing near that time clock?

Box that mail
lick those stamps
Box that mail
Face the case
Come on now, let's get this mail out.

Box that mail
Lick those stamps
Find that zip code.
Make love to that case boy,
thats your wife and your life.
Say after me.

One, two, three, four
I joined the postal core.
Five, six, seven, eight
Throw that mail into the case,
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve,
I wanna get outta this place.

Postcards
Postcards to Madrid, postcards to Paris,
Postcards to London, postcards with sexy
women on them.

I wanna be with them
I wanna be in Paris
I wanna be in London
I wanna be in Madrid
I wanna be inside a postcard!

You're not boxing fast enough
Mr. Huberman, by my stopwatch.
Mr. Huberman you have stepped off
five minutes too much.

You're hardly working, Mr. Huberman.
Give that man a letter of warning.
Mr. Huberman, your attendance
is horrible.

You are now on a 90 day restriction,

THE TRUE STORY OF DAVE HUBERMAN'S JOB AT THE P.O...

Mr. Huberman.

Papermen

Jelly donut boys, regular guys

postal petes, rootbeer lennys

I Love The Post Office

Papermen

A man who shuffles papers
from one desk to another.

Mr. Huberman, you do know
that you would never be able to
cut it in private industry with
the little work skills that you have.
Get down on your hands and knees
Mr. Huberman and pray for the
U. S. Post Office.

So you

Deliver that mail
watch your back
Don't pocket that stamp, the postal
inspectors are everywhere.

Boredom.

Boredom.

Take a snort

Box that mail

Smoke a joint

Box that mail

Boredom

Face the case

Have a drink of thunderbird

Box that mail

Do some crack,

I wanna get outta this place.

Someone's having a heart attack

Throw him in the tubs, stuff him
in the express mail bags.

Next.

Social security number, please!

Box that mail

Face the case.

Mr. Huberman, you have been found
sleeping standing up.

You're on an all day suspension
without pay.

Mr. Huberman, what are you doing

in that toilet, you have no business
being there. We are paying you good
money, you didn't ask to step off,
put that man on emergency suspension!
Deliver that mail
Deliver that mail
Day after day,
Year after year.
so you start talking to yourself
Cracking up
Can't take it no more
Boredom.

Talking to myself.
Don't want to lick those stamps
anymore.

Stepping off.

Banging out.

Buying a gun.

Talking to myself,

Going to use that gun

David Berkowitz is my hero.

Losing control.

Kill the boss,

Kill all the supervisors too.

Losing control.

Do them all a favor,

wipe them all out

the shop steward never helped you,

Kill him too.

Kill,

Kill,

Kill,

What the hell,

Kill my fellow workers too

Splatter the walls with blood

This is a post office hell!

**WHERE
POETS BURN**

SOON TO BE BANNED BY THE IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER

"He Who Laughs Last...Laughs Alone"

(Features "Oatmeal II")

Underdog LP 002

\$6 ppd. U.S.; \$7 Elsewhere

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27 songs!!!! (Features "Cows",

"Murder in the Brady House")

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FUDGETUNNEL!

"Little Red Fire Engine"

7" 45 rpm single

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"The Lords of Nothing"

(Features "Suburban Cops")

Underdog EP 001

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"Born Under a Bad Sponge"

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Underdog LP 001

\$5 ppd. U.S.; \$6 Elsewhere

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"The Dog that Bites" Logo

Blk on Wht (Med, Lrg, Xlrg)

Wht on Blk (Lrg, Xlrg)

\$5 ppd. U.S.; \$6 Elsewhere

UNDERDOG



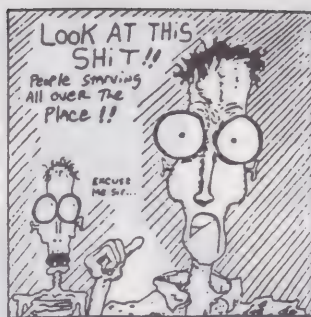
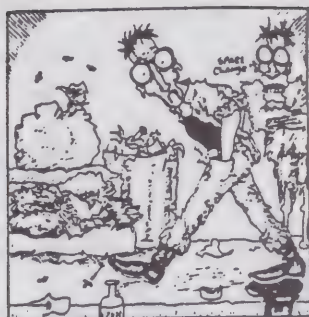
RECORDS

P. O. BOX 14182
CHICAGO, IL 60614
USA (not proud)

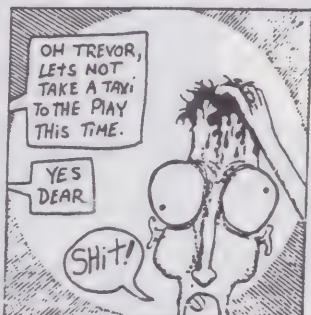
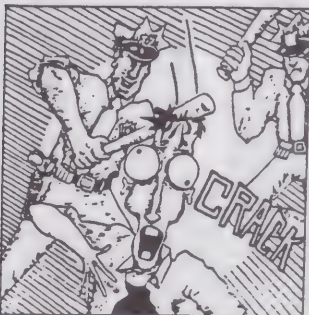
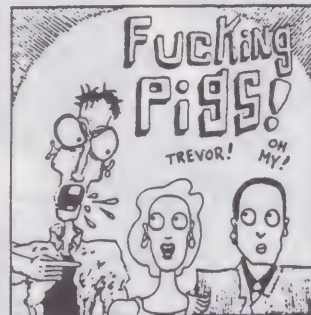
**P
M
R
C**



POVERTY.



Jonny Agony. HIND



M.D.C, CON'T.

SCUT: How about on R-Radical ?

DAVE: Hopefully. I'm kind of hot on doing a roots record. I like roots music. I like banjo and I've always played bluegrass, it's fast, it's like hard core country music without the funny haircuts. I like traditional music, like Celtic music. I'm dis-covering roots--to the people, my connections, my bones, my seeds. You can adopt anyone's roots, it can be fun living other lifetimes and knowing how other human beings lived. I just latched onto this. Nowadays I like things like the Pogues, The Oyster Band, the Mekons and a lot of what's happening in England and Scotland. I'm not up on the american roots scene, I like things like bluegrass, the Doc Watson band, the Real String band, Chris Williamson--she's great, it's real potent, she lays her heart on the line.

SCUT: What else have you been doing ?

Dave: I do a lot of child care. I tell you mothering is so under appreciated, it's one of the hardest jobs out there. I've waited on tables, I've worked construction in Texas, but childcare is so emotional and physical...

WORLD HARDCORE * PUNK * THRASH



COOL RADIO SHOW ON LONG ISLAND, WED. NITES, 10:30-12:00... CONTACT Steve R. c/o TURMOIL PO Box 174 SCONY BEACH, NY 11794 (516) 361-9515

SCUT: How old are your kids ?

DAVE: Rosie is four and Jesse is three. I'm painting t-shirts for them (during interview).

SCUT: Was it (MDC) all worth it ?

DAVE: Yes, it's been very worth it. I've been lucky to travel and communicate and meet lots of new folks. On the other hand, sometimes you can feel picked on, real isolated and lonely and misunderstood. I guess it it happens to all of us. You put your life and art and feelings on the line and sometimes you get shot down. Sometimes people hold you up to an ideal and you don't live up to it or they don't perceive you as living up to it. and you wonder about all the demonstrations you go to and the benefits you played. . . about being busted in Toronto and needing \$2000 to get the boys out of jail. Luckily the people at Rough Trade Anne and Ruth Schwartz came thru for us, as well as Tab Rex and Al's mother.

SCUT: Can you describe the bust ?

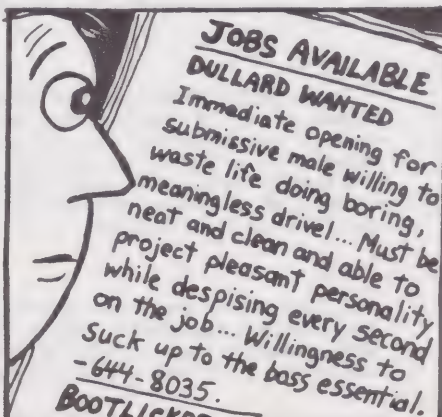
DAVE: The guys had gone down to the post office, I stayed at the house we were at. They ended up attract-ing a lot of attention, punks hanging out on the sidewalk in downtown Toronto. And a half a block away the cops pulled them over. They found some sage and accused them of having pot. Then they searched further and found 1000 Millions of Dead Cops buttons and they really freaked out. They found a chain and charged them with possession of a weapon dangerous to public safety. It was so trumped up the magistrate threw it right out of court when we went back a few months later. The cops threatened us all, when I went back to get the van they held up a button and said if you come back to Canada with these we'll kill you. Once we got raided in Michigan and some of the mothers of the kids at the show waited around to make sure nothing happened when the cops pulled us over. They followed us out of town to let the police know that they saw what was going on.

SCUT: Anything you want to add ?

DAVE: I love everybody. I even have, in some way, love in my heart for skinheads. Love that humans can grow and change. Because I've grown and changed--I wasn't always an activist, progressive artist. I grew up in Amerikkka, I know you can get brainwashed. I wish everyone well--be an artist, be a musician, be some thing. Live, smile, laugh. Masturbate. Smash the State. No One for president in '88.

MDC/R-Radical Records 2440 16th Street San Francisco California 94103

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TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords em

MECCA NORMAL

Interview by Bob Z

Consists of Dave Lester on guitar and Jean Smith on vocals. They are from Vancouver, British Columbia, and have made a reputation for themselves in the western part of the continent as a radical social commentary set to music. They are touring the east coast and England and Europe this Spring, and have an LP out available from K records, Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507. As it sez in the liner notes to the record, "we are controlled and we are at the disposal of greedy capitalists." The band's music is bent on doing something about this, the lousy fucked up world we live in by pointing out what's going on...here's what they told us about themselves. The person speaking for MN is Jean Smith.

BN: How did the concept behind Mecca Normal come about?

MN: Mecca Normal started about 3 years ago. Vancouver was dealing with the politics of the Vancouver 5. Dave had been involved with the political community here and I was starting to figure things out...part of that process was writing lyrics. Dave and I started to work together. We were happy with what we came up with and we started to play some shows. We felt that it was important to be different than the usual 4 piece, we were trying to confront the degree of conformity that had become entrenched in alternative music. People have always been divided on whether or not they accept us. We became more determined to continue as a duo when people constantly assumed that of course we would be getting a bass and drums.

BN: You seem to get conflicting opinions written about you. How would you prefer others to think of you, or is that irrelevant anyway?

MN: I hope to inspire people to speak out against social oppression. I kind of like the idea of people working together without hierarchies, governments, or bosses to solve problems. I think communication is very important, so I communicate. Record reviews are a whole little world to themselves. Sometimes they are based on what a band sounds like or whether or not the reviewer likes the band. We have gotten reviews that suggest I should be killed because the reviewer didn't like the politics we put forth. So what? It's no big surprise that there are people who would prefer to see the system keep working the way it is.

**"WE HAVE GOTTEN
REVIEWS THAT SUGGEST I
SHOULD BE KILLED..."**

BN: Any immediate plans for Mecca Normal?

MN: Mecca Normal will record another LP in January. In the Spring we'll be going over to Europe to tour around in England, Belgium and Holland. Nick Toczek, the anarchist ranting poet from the UK is going to set up some shows for us. We toured with him in eastern Canada last summer.

BN: How old are you both and what sort of work do you do besides MN?

MN: David is 29 and I'm (Jean) 28. We are both graphic artists.

BN: What sort of questions would you like to be asked in an interview such as this and why?

MN: I like being asked questions that relate to the contents, the meaning, the issues of the songs we do. I'm not really big on questions about the band aspect. I don't think Dave is either. The only reason I sing is because I have something to say, sometimes I think that's unusual. Some people decide to sing and then they have to figure out what they should say. I appreciate your asking what kind of questions I like. I like that question.



JEAN SMITH + DAVE LESTER OF MECCA NORMAL ...

RESISTANCE IS NOT A CRIME!

THE SEDITION COMMITTEE organizes support for the OHIO 7, anti-imperialist political prisoners who are on trial for Seditious Conspiracy in Springfield Federal Courthouse. Individually and as a group they worked in the veterans' movement against the Vietnam war, in the prisoners' support movement, to organize women's health and childcare services, and in anti-apartheid and community fund-raising. They are part of the clandestine movement in the USA.

THE SEDITION COMMITTEE

Call us in New York at (212) 969-0448. Or write to us

PO Box 1418, Cathedral Station, NY, NY 10025

The OHIO 7 have worked to expose the combined corporate and military network of the U.S. that has been and is the source of most of the rampant violence, repression and economic terrorism throughout the world since Germany's Third Reich. These people are a key target of the U.S. government because they have a clear understanding of its policies and the necessity of developing underground resistance as part of the overall opposition to these policies.

Learn more about this important case. The Ohio 7 need and want your communication and support. Write to the Ohio 7, Raymond Luc Levasseur, Pat Gros Levasseur, Carol Manning, Tom Manning, Richard Williams, Jaan Laaman and Barbara Curzi Laaman at FDC Hartford, P.O. Box 178, Hartford CT 06101.

BN: Can you list your influences/inspirations?
MN: Musically I think Dave and I like the same stuff--the Slits, the Raincoats, Poison-girls. I get a lot of inspiration from stuff I read, books on feminism, economics, political theory.

BN: How has the "music scene" changed since you first got into it?

MN: I don't really think in terms of a "music scene"-- I think that is a myth that almost keeps things in line as if the "music scene" was something fixed. I'm always happy to see women playing music. There seems to be a new interest in poetry. I think that is positive.

BN: Do you feel that lyrically you have a responsibility to confront issues that affect society? Do you listen to any bands that don't put an effort into confronting political issues?

MN: I don't feel a responsibility to write lyrics about anything. I'm saying things in my songs that I think are important to be said, that there are other ways to organize society, that men oppress women, that capitalism is based on greed, that people are conned into spending all their time working. Like I said, the ideas come first, the method of expression is secondary. Both Dave and I listen to lots of different music. We're not totally uptight or dogmatic people. I would say that I have a preference for music that does have a political basis, though.

BN: Anything else you want to tell people?

MN: Watch out for the BLACK WEDGE. It's a group of poets and musicians with similar political ideas who are out to inspire social change.

ON MARCH 2, 1988, BOB BLACK WROTE THIS LETTER TO BRENDAN SEXTON, COMMISSIONER OF SANITATION:

Dear Mr. Sexton.

I write to protest your Department's apparent policy to ignore the real sanitation problems of New York City -- which were obvious even to a casual visitor there, such as myself last week -- in favor of legal harassment of posterers. I saw plenty of bona fide sanitary problems in the city, that is, unsafe or unsanitary conditions injurious to health or safety. However, I never saw an unsanitary poster.

At worst, posters are a problem of aesthetics, not health. But frankly, the areas favored by some posterist victims of your crusade -- those promoting nonprofit alternative music and art events -- are way past saving aesthetically; that would require urban renewal, not an anti-poster campaign which is superficial in the literal sense of the word.

In particular, I criticize your methods -- and question your motives -- in the campaign against Artists & Writers Underground. You may be unaware how pervasive are this group's contacts with writers and artists across the country; the case is shaping up as a free speech cause celebre. For, with electoral posters (many by incumbents) routinely overlooked by your department, it is evident that something else than a zeal for cleanliness is behind this drive. You are denying the means of communication to those who have few other outlets than the open streets.

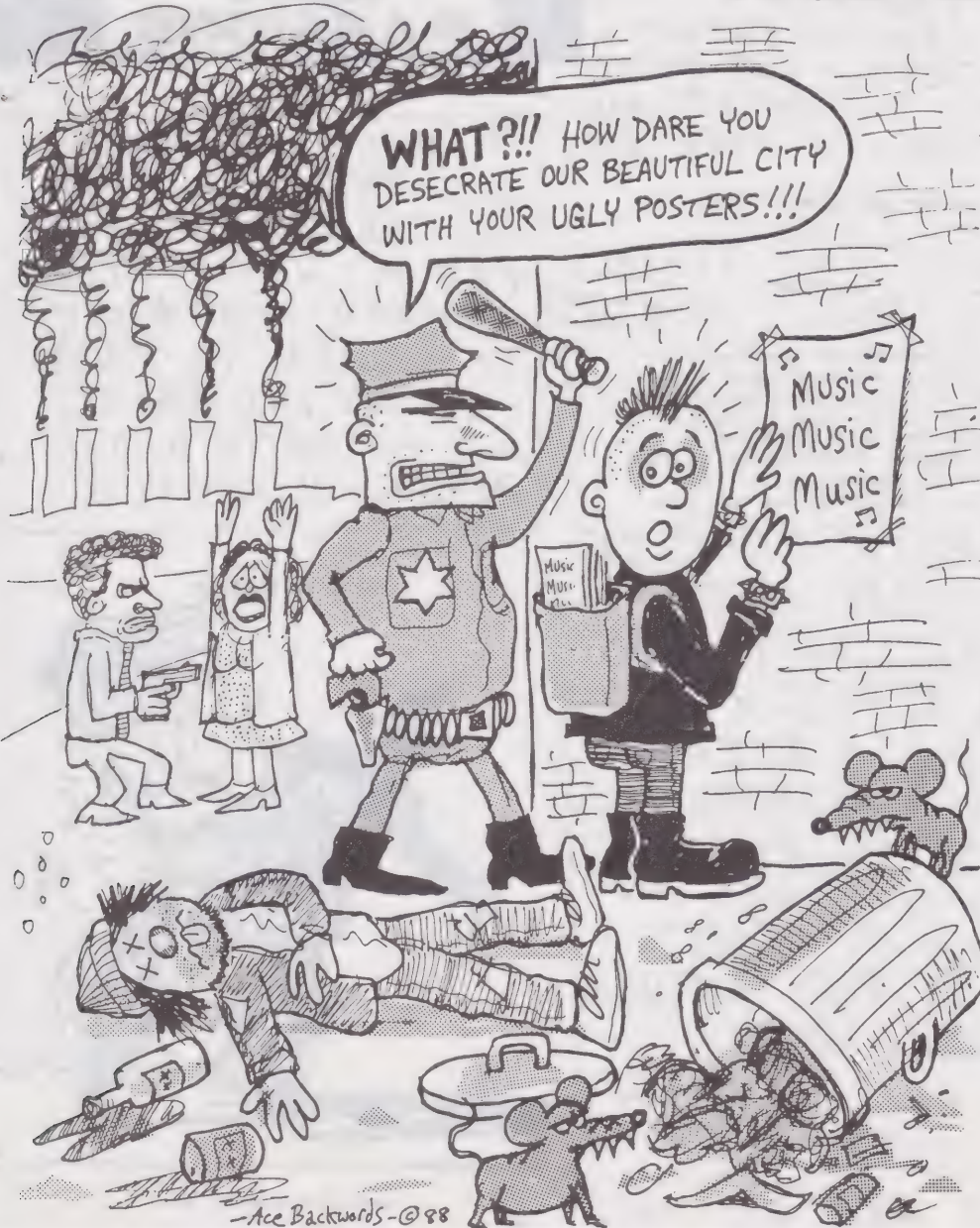
As an attorney, it is clear to me that your enforcement strategy against Artists & Writers Underground is legally groundless and doomed to failure. By no known principle of criminal law is the producer of posters liable for their eventual placement in an improper place, any more than a gunshop commits the murders of its customers. Plainly there are many lawful places where posters can be placed or left; they are not inherently illegal products, not contraband. I feel so strongly about this that I have volunteered my assistance to defense counsel should it be called for. Mine is not an isolated response.

I noticed many bad smells while in New York City. Some seem to be originating in the Department of Sanitation.

Sincerely,

Robert C. Black
ROBERT C. BLACK, Esq.

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GET \$4 WORTH - OF - sperm

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BAD NEW

TAPE (#3) HAS:

OF CREMATORIAL QUALITY & NO COMPROMISES

\$4

ALLIE SEZ: "46 MINUTES"

D.O.A. (Interview) - Vancouver
A.P.P.L.E. - New York
ANY OF SEVERAL WEASLES - NY
THE DREAM SMASHES - New York
INTENSE MUTILATION - New York
NEW REPUBLIC - New Jersey
PSYCHIC VIOLENTS - Florida
Victor of RAT AT RAT R - NY
ORAL ROBERTS - Los Angeles
THE WALLMEN - Syracuse, NY

Send \$4 (postpaid) for each tape to: Bob Z. (make chex out to bob z), c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd St. #300, New York, NY 10010.

FUCK
THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION
125 WORTH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10013



Vincent P. Whitfield
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER
OPERATIONS

Robert C. Black, Esq.
37 Forest Street
Watertown, MA 02172

Dear Mr. Black:



March 25, 1988

DBCC # 4563

FICTION: I am writing in response to your letter to Commissioner Sexton concerning the enforcement of the Postering Law in New York City.

TRUTH: I AM COPYING A FORM LETTER GIVEN TO ME BY AN AUTHORITY I AM TOO STUPID AND COWARDLY TO QUESTION, EVEN WHEN THAT AUTHORITY ABUSES INNOCENT LIFE AND I FOLLOW ORDERS ANYWAY. I WAS TRAINED PROPERLY FOR THIS JOB AND WHO ARE YOU TO QUESTION OUR GOD-GIVEN AUTHORITY OVER YOU

FICTION: Let me share with you a history of the law and, contrary to what you might believe, this is not a new law...

TRUTH: (MORE OF THE FORM LETTER, REVEALS ABSOLUTELY ZERO THOUGHT CONTENT)

FICTION: The Poster Law has been in existence since 1979, at which time issuing officers were required to observe violators in the act of putting up their posters on any of the objects and places prohibited by the law. Since catching violators in the act proved to be very difficult, the Department experienced little success in making this law really work and the postering seemed to proliferate with impunity. The fact that the summons was returnable to the Criminal Court did not help the situation.

TRUTH: THAT THE REAL SANITATION DEPT. AUTHORITIES DURING THOSE YEARS (THEY ARE ALL DIFFERENT DICKHEADS NOW) EVEN GAVE A FLYING FULK ABOUT POSTERS THEN IS A VERY DIFFICULT STATEMENT TO SUBSTANTIATE. THERE ARE NO DOCUMENTS, NO EVIDENCE OTHER THAN THIS DUBIOUS, CONVENIENT 4-SENTENCE INSIGHT INTO THE LONG, LONG, TRADITION OF THE SANITATION DEPARTMENT'S VIGILANCE, YES, THE GREAT POGROMS OF THE POSTERERS BACK IN THE EARLY 1980'S IN NEW YORK CITY WERE SO VERY DIFFICULT

DARING
DRUG
EXPOSE

SHAME
HORROR
DESPAIR



MARIHUANA

WEED with ROOTS in HELL

NOT RECOMMENDED FOR CHILDREN

Smoke
That
Gets in
Yourth's
Eyes

What
Happens
in
Marihuana
Parlors

LUST
CRIME
SORROW

HATE
SHAME
DESPAIR

WEIRD ORGIES WILD PARTIES

UNLEASHED
PASSIONS

MISERY

TO ACTUALLY CARRY OUT BECAUSE OF THE EXISTANCE OF LAWS WE HAD NO WAY OF GETTING AROUND! CERTAINLY IS EASIER TO IGNORE THE LAW AND ABUSE OUR AUTHORITY IN THE REAGAN-MEESE-1980S

One Place to Get Tough



PYRAMID CLUB: 6th St. & Ave. A, NYC, 212-420-1590. Once in a while there'll be a decent show here, maybe once in 3-4 months. Usually it will happen on a Monday or Tuesday night, like the recent bill on a Monday with the False Prophets and the Dream Smashes. Mostly it's a disco though, with a \$10 door, and the crowd is more touristy than it once was. Still a hangout for transvestites and gays, the TVs were dancing on the bar last time I was in this place, and Saturdays were once the matinee home of straight edge shows run by Raybies of Warzone. So you might say this place is unusual for the diverse crowds it houses, but the catch is that the different crowds come on different days and don't really mix with each other.

DRUMS: 333 E. 60th St., NYC, 212-308-2333. A new place that knows next to nothing about punk or alternative music, but will listen to a good pitch if you can convince them you will bring in money. The bottom line is bucks...and accountants rule. Big money at the controls. These are people who get away with putting huge eyesore posters on lampposts free of any harassment from the poster police...I wonder why... Mayor Koch.

LIMELIGHT: 6th Ave., & 21st St., NYC, 212-807-7850. The huge reconditioned church that sponsors trendy art openings and artphaggity get togethers. Passes for these shows are all over town, I guess they're desperate to bring people in for \$10 WITH their passes so that they can pay for \$5 beers all night just to see the same old trendy fashion conscious pseudo artistic parade of poseurs. I have to admit though, from time to time (and more frequently lately) there have been some interesting bands passing through this place, always on weeknites like Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday. I don't know the details or who's doing it, but somebody cool has gotten a hold of the bookings for these nights (one would hope this hasn't been happening purely by chance). One thing is for sure though with clubs like this one especially, it won't last long, whatever it is, especially if it's something worthwhile. What always happens in these places is as soon as word gets out that something interesting is actually happening on a regular basis, all the trendos and drooling-for-a-thrill yuppies in suits come and pack the place and drive out all the people who were making the scene happen in the first place. Just like the housing situation in the Village, the yuppies move in and ruin everything, only here in the clubs the whole process is much faster.

MAXWELL'S: 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, NJ, 201-656-9632. Even though the management sucks, treating lotsa good people like dirt, they also manage to make a lotta people happy and do book some occasionally great acts, more often than CBGBs does. In the last couple years though this place has been so overrun with yuppies...it's amazing the place hasn't gone downhill yet in keeping with the crowd it seems to attract. Maxwell's still manages to book a really good bill about once every two weeks, so if you don't mind dealing with someone who treats you like a subhuman, give Maxwell's a call.

NYC clubs

CON'T.

puncture...

THE PERSON IN THE CLOSET

Once there was a person who lived in a closet; this person according to rumors was a black, gay, female quadriplegic-and a midget. No one really knew for sure because this person was reluctant to come out.

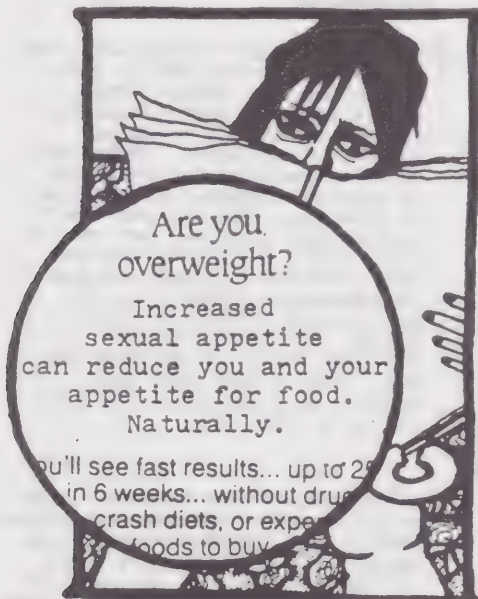
Soon this person became a cause for all the different groups and claustrophobics. Finally President Reagan made a plea and this person relented and agreed to hold a press conference.

With (his) hair sculptured in the shape of a star, (he) appeared on national TV and said: "I am Anton from the planet of Oscurita where everyone lives in closets." (Walter Cronkite, on special assignment did all he could to keep a grin off his face as Anton continued) "I appreciate your concern but it's unwarranted. Please leave me alone."

After the press conference Anton went to a White House reception where people pointed at (him) and laughed and no one spoke to (him) except Nancy who asked: "Who's your hairdresser?"

-John DeVita, 859 Van Nest Ave., Bronx, NY 10462

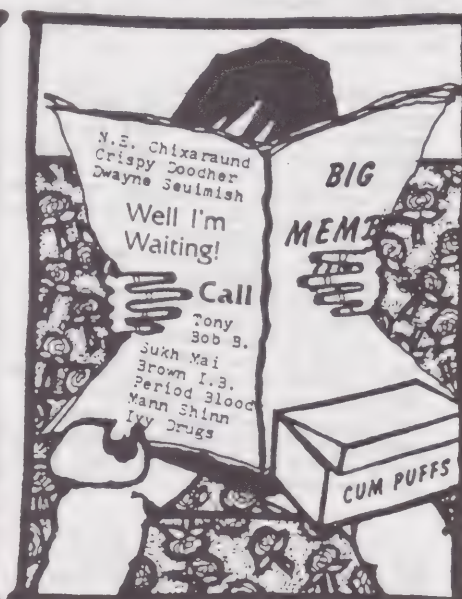
CON'T.



Are you overweight?

Increased sexual appetite can reduce you and your appetite for food. Naturally.

You'll see fast results... up to 25 lbs. in 6 weeks... without drugs, crash diets, or expensive foods to buy.




N.E. Chixaraund
Crispy Goodher
Dwayne Seulmish

Well I'm Waiting!

Call
Tony
Bob G.
Sukh Mai
Brown I.B.
Period Blood
Mann Shinn
Ivy Drugs

BIG MEME

CUM PUFFS



ROD SQUAD

here's the BEEF

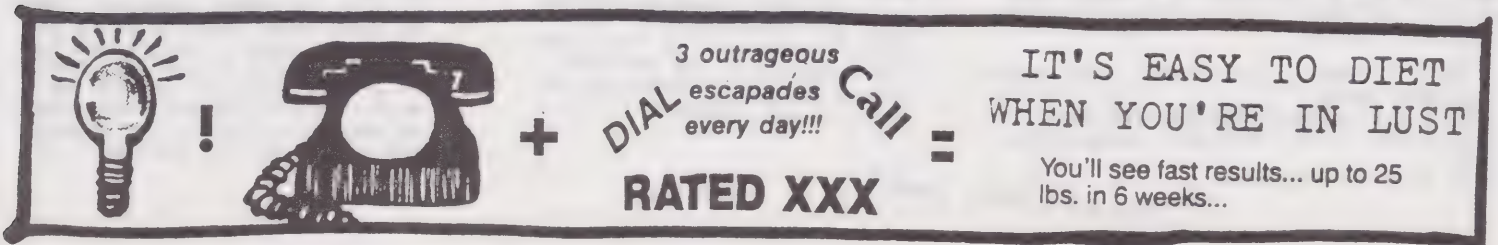
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CALL ME... FEEL THE HEAT! 24 HOURS 7 DAYS A WEEK

967-HARD

BEEF

37



3 outrageous escapades every day!!!

DIAL **Call** **RATED XXX**

IT'S EASY TO DIET WHEN YOU'RE IN LUST

You'll see fast results... up to 25 lbs. in 6 weeks...

EUROPEAN SCENE

One balmy afternoon around the very beginning of April Gustav shows up. He's making lots of stuff happen in his home town of Lubeck, which is in West Germany, in the north of the country, near the Danish border. With his band the PISSED BOYS he put out a split EP produced by Gustav's label Fuck Your Brain records along with a British band, POLITICAL ASYLUM. (There's also a review of that record somewhere in this issue of BN) The following interview happened in my kitchen.

Z: You have your own band & your own label. How do you have time for anything else?
GUS: (Laughs) Sometimes not, because to organize shows, to organize a show for an American band, then I have to print posters, I have to go to all the pubs and hang them up. Boy, that's a lot of things to do. And now I've got a new band and last time we practiced 3 times a week. So that's --last half year I have no time left to do personal things. And now that I'm traveling the U.S. I have plenty of time to think about things cause I'm far away from home (laughs).

Z: Right, I hear that.
GUS: But now I'm here in New York and I can't think about anything because this city confused me a lot (laughs). But it's great. I like New York, but it's not my town.

Z: Yeah, I dunno if I'm gunna be stayin here myself much longer. Who knows. But uh-
GUS: You born in New York?
Z: Yeah, but I dunno. The city's comin after me for puttin posters up on streetlamps. And it just seems really screwed up. And a lot of good bands have moved away from the city..seems like everyone's gone to the west coast (laughs).

HOW TO GET UNMOTIVATED, LAZY CLERICAL HELP TO SHAPE UP AND START WORKING LIKE MAD

GUS: Yeah. All the friends I have here mostly live on the west coast. Guys from M.D.C., and so many guys I know come from San Francisco.

Z: Yeah...so when you do your shows in Germany, do you have one venue you do them at or do you have different venues?

GUS: We only got one venue, cuz Lubeck is a small town. We've got 240,000 citizens.

I think that no owner of a pub will organize a punk rock show. They're not interested in that. They hate it. The other big problem is we got in Lubeck about 150 skinheads, fascist skinheads.

Z: So you havin a problem with them at shows?

GUS: No, not at the Alternative shows. But I think if there's a show at a commercial venue in the center of the city, then we get problems. But the Alternative is a really big place, and the fascist skinheads, they're really afraid about it.

Z: Why are they afraid of it?

BUS: Because we beat them up.

Z: Really?

GUS: All the time, when they sneak through, we beat them up. And about 3 or 4 years ago we had fights every weekend. Every weekend we had a show there was a fight because the venue was in the center of the city. The skinheads has their pub there on the next street, and at about 10 or 11 o'clock they came over and there would be streetfighting between 200 people.

Z: Wow

GUS: Yeah, Lubeck is quite small, but there's a big scene there.

Z: Didn't that cause problems with the neighbors and stuff? Did they wanna close it down?

GUS: We have no neighbors.

I GET AT LEAST TWENTY
PHONE CALLS A DAY!... ALL
WRONG NUMBERS!



VINYL

THE EX, "Too Many Cowboys" double LP, from Mordam Records, POB 988, San Francisco, CA 94101. Comes with radical newspaper and lyrics sheet. THE EX are a dutch band with a decidedly anarchist slant, with lyrics of struggle both in terms of personal and political freedom playing an important part of their music. In some cases the song titles tell the story: "A Job/ Stupid", "Hands Up, You're Free", "How One Can Sell the Air", in most cases tho it's the swirling, anguished guitar lines that crackle in song after song with a delicious, high energy yearning for liberation...I like this record. Ed Meese ought to be made to listen to it. (Z)

DEZERTER, Self-titled LP, from Maximum Rock N Roll, POB 288, Berkley, CA 94701. This is an amazing record from a great band... DEZERTER is polish hardcore, and this series of recordings compiled by Joey Shithead of DOA during his visit to that country is just incredible. Song after song of blistering, powerful hardcore... I don't think there's a cut on here that I haven't listened to ten million times and I'm still not tired of it. Comes with a lyric sheet so you can understand what these guys are saying. In light of the bullshit these guys must get from the authorities it's a wonder that they have been able to make their voices heard. (Z)

DESCENDANTS, "Live Age" LP, from SST Records, POB 1, Lawndale, CA, 90260. Live stuff culled from their tour...melodic, poppish, yet hard-edged guitars combine here and alternately hit and miss. This stuff is very lite and careless in its attitude toward the world, which is OK, but it's not urgent. (Z)

IGNORANCE

i i i never waved the red flag well...they forced me to do it you see, i always picked the wrong friends there was really nothing to it b-b-but i wanna work for you now i finished my studies please give me a chance forgive me my ignorance

i i i never was left-wing really well...i pretended to be honest, i thought it was a good thing i was misled you see b-b-but i wanna work for you now i finished my studies please give me a chance forgive me my ignorance

i i i try to live a neat life and...that's the way it's gonna stay you see, i'm really very decent and there are bills i have to pay s-c-so i wanna work for you now i finished my studies please give me a chance forgive me my ignorance

i i i wanna work for you now i finished my studies please give me a chance forgive me my ignorance

THE
EX.

VARIOUS ARTISTS, "Dry Lungs Int'l Compilation Vol 3", from Placebo Records, POB 23316, Phoenix, AZ, 85063. A collection of compositions of the musical genre commonly called "industrial noise", though many of these pieces use conventional instruments. This stuff is not for everybody, but for those who appreciate this style there are some haunting, very well crafted pieces here.. Maybe Mental's "Will" is the standout on the album, and compiler Paul Lemos clocks in with a cut as well. Crystal clear production on this record...this is not something I would listen to all the time, but as formless compositions go, this record has some tasty offerings. Recommended. (Z)

MORAL CRUX, self titled LP, from Velvetone Records, 607 W. 3rd, Ellensburg, WA 98926. This record sparkles with a tasteful example of what is known as "positive attitude". While the term is over used to the point of meaninglessness, in the case of this band, the urgency and tunefulness combined just won't quit, and I'm ready to believe that positive attitude can get us somewhere. Side 2 is jam packed with brutal, on target energy, every song soars... "Strange World" is my favorite cut. Also a very well done graphic of a concentration camp victim on the cover.

(Z)

DAG NASTY, "Field Day" LP, from Giant Records, POB 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571. While Brian Baker's guitar licks are still in tact, the newest incarnation of this band just has no attitude, no bite, no punch, nothing. Just an overriding ambition to be pop stars and cash in big on the Dag. Nasty name and following. Peter's vocals are weak and the lyrics suck...welcome to sell-out city. Do yourself a favor, don't waste your money on this garbage. (Z)

(CONTINUED 5 PAGES AHEAD)

THE FRIDGE MAGNETS, "You Can Either Ride Our Wave, or Get Hit By It" EP, from Surfdustry Records, c/o R.C. Johnston, 609 Queens Ave., New Westminster, British Columbia, CANADA V3M-1L1. Tuneful, mid tempo pop with a psychedelic edge that though lacking somewhat in urgency, I found pretty entertaining. All instrumental, this stuff is sort of an updated VENTURES, only catchier. (Z)

AT WAR, self-titled EP, from New Renaissance Records, POB 11372, Burbank, CA 91510. A 3-song sampler, more metal, this time, the emphasis is on fascistic, warlike lyrics and almost hardcore sounding crossover rhythms, with very little or no melody involved. I must say the sound is more compelling than the usual New Renaissance dredge, if only because this band is very focused on their concept, and their concept is a bit different than the usual metal stuff. All of these songs, while they espouse reactionary, Soldier-of-Fortune type views of the world, at least they have a powerful, original mix of music and lack of thought. (Z)

ISOCRACY, "Bedtime for Isocracy" EP, for \$2.50 from Lookout! Records, address above. This is primo California hardcore. One of the best new original bands to come out of the Gilman St. project, ISOCRACY combines a dry, clever sense of humor with energetic, powerful guitar playing. A band you gotta like...lotsa good stuff on this record. (Z)

OPERATION IVY, "Hectic" EP, for \$2.50 from Lookout! Records, address above. Another one of the gonzo bands from Lookout and Gilman St. This time there's lotsa reggae influence mixed with good old hardcore and guitar crunch...likeable stuff. (Z)

CRIMPSHIRE, "Sleep, What's That?" EP, \$2.50 from Lookout! Records. Fresh, spirited hardcore, more tasty licks from Northern California. Mr. Livermore of Lookout Records is obviously doing a great job getting these deserving bands committed to vinyl. CRIMPSHIRE has a way of presenting lyrical ideas that is more interesting for what it won't say...making good use of the "less is more" maxim, probably without trying to. (Z)

CORRUPTED MORALS, "Chet" EP, \$2.50 from Lookout! Records, Address above. More straight ahead musically, but more insightful socially than other Lookout! bands, CORRUPTED MORALS combines on target social criticism with adequately performed hardcore tuneage. Shares the same high level of urgency as the other young bands on this label. (Z)

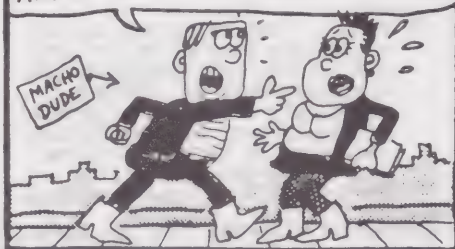
LETC PATROL, "Love Is Blind" 45, from Seidboard World Ent., POB 137, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012. This band will go to great lengths to be noticed, like wear dresses and cardboard boxes on stage, and have been known to put on wild shows with flying bodies and reckless abandon rampant, but it's not because they know how to play...and this record bears that out. Repetitive lyrics and very little newness here, aside from a few cameo guitar lines from Richard Stotts. (Z)

BLAST!, "The Power of Expression" LP, from SST Records, POB 1, Lawndale, CA 90260. This band gets compared a lot to Black Flag, and not unfairly. There is a pronounced similarity...crunchy flavored hardcore. Only problem I see is reliance on old formulas and styles, doin something someone else did just because it worked, but these guys do manage to inject some of themselves into the form...I'm sure a lot of hardcore fans will really like this record. (Z)

TWISTED IMAGE

by Ace Backwards @ms

GOSH DARNIT, BETTY!! I'M SICK OF YOU PLAYING HARD TO GET!! I'M A MAN AND YOU'RE A WOMAN AND I WANT YOU TO BE MY MAIN GAL!! AND I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!!



NO!! NO!! NO!! NO!! NO!! NO!! NO!! NO!! NO!! NO!!



THEN AGAIN... MAYBE I WILL TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER...



VARIOUS ARTISTS, "Flipside Vinyl Fanzine Number Three" from Dutch East India, POB 570, Rockville Ctr., NY 11571. Lotsa big names on this compilation, some somewhat big names, but on the whole a disappointment. Lousy choice of songs...the Lemon-heads "Hate Your Friends" is overplayed, 7 Seconds' "A Place" is just a shitty song...similar story with the rest of this stuff. One bright spot is THE BRIGADE's "Living With the Bomb", a firecracker of a song. Why wasn't the whole album as well compiled? Oh, well. (Z)

LOOKOUTS!, "One Planet, One People" LP, from Lookout! Records, Box 1000, Laytonville, CA 95454. This is stripped down, speeded up hardcore music, not particularly tight, and all the tunes sound pretty much like they use the same chords...but the good part about this record is the zillions of strange, funny, and true ideas expressed in the lyrics. Since it's pretty hard to make out the words from listening to the songs, I found the lyrics on the back of the record indispensable for this purpose. A record that sounds like it wuz loads of fun to make... (Z)

BLACK FLAG, "Wasted...Again" LP, from SST Records, POB 1, Lawndale, CA 90260. This is a best of Black Flag retrospective LP, a compilation of 12 of the best Black Flag tunes going all the way back to 1978, including "Slip It IN" (my fave), "Wasted", "Jealous Again", "Six Pack", "Louie Louie", packaged with a colorful jacket and slick sound production. A must for Black Flag fans. (Z)

THE BLANKS, self-titled LP, from Falsified Records, POB 1010, Birmingham, MI, 48012. 10 original tunes, not hardcore, but mid-tempo, reggae influenced pop with lotsa vocal harmonies and emphasis on melody. It's mostly hit and miss, but the thing that saves this record is the underlying attitude...these people recognize the need for change and use their lyrics and music as a tool to achieve it. My favorite tune on here is "Just Living", a song about self-delusion. Proves that you don't have to sound like a hardcore band to be subversive, and have "the attitude."

VARIOUS ARTISTS, "No Age" double LP, from SST Records, POB 1, Lawndale, CA 90260. This is a boring, pointless collection of 15 artists who have previously released records with SST. Some of the artists: HenryKaiser, Black Flag, Lawndale, Gone, Elliott Sharp, Lee Ranaldo, Glenn Phillips, Paper Bag. All of the songs on this comp are instrumental, which for me adds rather than subtracts meaninglessness to this comp. The liner notes say, "where there is nothing, anything can happen." You would think that with some of the artists on this record it would happen, but for the most part it doesn't. It's just a lousy choice of material...and a waste of a two record set. If part of the intent of this record was to introduce some of the lesser known SST bands to a wider audience, it didn't work. (Z)

VARIOUS ARTISTS, "Dispan Hands" LP, from Rave Records, POB 40075, Phila., PA 19106. A compilation of 12 Phillie bands. While I could live without the overrated, overplayed egotists TRAINED ATTACK DOGS, there's a couple of good songs here, out of the poppier stuff I liked THE BALLS and DAS YAHOO'S debauchery of Michael Jackson. TONS OF NUNS have the standout cut on the record, a mix of Patti-Smith like vocals and psychedelic edged hardcore. Most of this record just misses, tho', lacks urgency, sincerity, and most of these bands are hopelessly trendy, without substance, like TRAINED ATTACK DOGS. With so many good bands in the Phillie area, it's a shame...why wasn't MORE FIENDS, SINK MANHATTAN, VAN GOGHS EAR, or ORIFICE selected for this album? It seems the Rave people could have served their city much better by selecting better bands. Phillie has a lot of good bands, but most of them aren't on this record. (Z)

(MORE VINYL REVIEWZ
ON NEXT PAGE...)

HOW TO GET AHEAD FASTER ON THE JOB TO FATTEN UP YOUR OWN PAYCHECK!

KING KOBRA, "Limited Edition EP", from New Renaissance Records, POB 11372, Burbank, CA 91510. The only redeeming quality here is the production--by Carmine Appice of MOUNTAIN fame...of course, this is metal, commercial metal to the max... and for the genre, it ain't bad. Certainly the production is crystal clear, probably a 2-thousand track recording. Too bad the values expressed in here lead nowhere, but I should've expected that. (Z)

ASTORIANS, "Guffahw" LP, from Bong Sue Productions, 167 12th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11215. Mid tempo pop, sounds like a cross between the Go Gos (except with male vocals), the Pretenders, the Good Rats, all with a definite Brooklyn-Queens orientation. Sounds like college radio material, a bit mild, but OK. (Z)

ALL, "Allroy Sez" LP, from Cruz Records, POB 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807. Uptempo, melodic pop, from the new incarnation of the DESCENDANTS, now calling themselves ALL. This seems like a bid for more mainstream, commercial airplay. In the process the sound has become tiresome and formulaic, only occasionally revived by some great guitar playing. Too many love songs on here for my taste, and not enough risks taken. Cool record jacket tho. (Z)

SEPULTURA, "Morbid Visions" LP, from New Renaissance Records, POB 11372, Burbank, CA 91510. Liner notes tell us this is a Brazilian thrash band... more metal, complete with snarling vocals and the omnipresent preoccupation with projecting a "metal image". Bands like this are so caught up in looking and sounding like the prearranged metal formula that they have no energy left to think for themselves or do anything original. That record companies are willing to spend a few thousand dollars producing their records says very little for the Amerikan counter culture, because obviously lots of people buy this stuff otherwise record companies wouldn't keep producing it. Consider it yet another symptom of the same disease Reagan is a manifestation of. (Z)

MEN & VOLTS, "The Mule" LP, from Men & Volts, POB 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866. Mid-tempo pop melodies, reminiscent of STEELY DAN and perhaps THE BAND, mixed with earthy, real-life feelings expressed lyrically with a formidable sincerity, which for me, makes the record. Whereas most other bands using this sort of music fail to make a fresh mark, MEN & VOLTS are surprisingly distinctive...never thought I would like the above mentioned combination of elements in a band, but these guys make it work with verve and spirit. (Z)

GWAR, "Hell-o!" LP, from Slave Pit Enterprises, 801 West Broad Street, Richmond, VA 23220. A record overflowing with song after song of hilarious lyrical ideas and crunchy riffing reminiscent of THE DICTATORS. This band has its concept down to a flawlessly chaotic science, where the classic heavy metal cock rock attitude is placed on a pedestal and half-ridiculed, half-adopted as the band's own. Not only is the songwriting, guitar playing, and concept brilliant, but this record is outstandingly produced by Kramer, comes with an imaginative, comic book explaining the concept in suitably bizarre comic terms, and a funny, unique record jacket. Destined to become a classic. (Z)

S'GO ABBREVIATED, from Daisy Records, 322 E. 70 St., #208, NY, NY 10021. Side 1 of this album was originally composed for the play "Red House." This side is a fusion of almost jazz to strong solos to very hard rock. The guitar work throughout the album as a whole stands out as very impressive. The drumming not only keeps a tight beat but sometimes leads where the music is going. Side 2, composed originally for the play "Chang in a Void Moon", is made up of 2 songs and more hard rock than side one. With the first song you will sometimes find there are four different things going on at once. There's also not as much synthesized material as on side one. It's all instrumental. My only criticism is that it seems in some places a little overproduced. (EP)

PED, P.E.D., "The Bulgarian Secret Police M&M Torture Trick" 45, from P.E.D., 320 Montgomery St. Highland Park, NJ 08904. Moderately interesting melodic hardcore, nothing particularly new going on here...favorite cut: title track. (Z)

HONEYMOON KILLERS, "Let It Breed" LP, from Fur Records, POB 20898, NY, NY, 10009. This rock noise trio has been compared to the Cramps & the Velvet Underground...that's pretty good company. I would say the style and the devil-may-care attitude is similar to these bands, tinged with a predilection for horror-splatter-gore-movie type themes...but this band lacks the urgency that made those bands great. This record is fun, but I find myself wanting to hear more spark and I'm not getting it. The concept is there, the sound is there, but where's the fire? (Z)

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS, "Turn Me On" LP, from Buy Our Records, POB 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088. Lots of slow guitar riffs cranked up with plenty of effects; fuzz, echo, anything and everything to give the music a more psychedelic feel. This stuff reminds me even more of THE CRAMPS than their first LP, and it also sounds stronger and more confident, though it takes itself a bit more seriously than the earlier stuff does. The emphasis is on that psychedelic guitar mix, and the lyrical ideas reflect a fascination with a 1960s type of cool--sort of a hallucinogenic style of hip, for its own sake. (Z)

POLITICAL ASYLUM/PISSED BOYS, from Fuck Your Brain Records, Schalluppenweg 1, 2400 Lübeck, West-Germany. This split LP has 4 songs on it, both from each band recorded live, but don't let that fool you. The sound quality is excellent and so is the music. Political Asylum's first song sounds a bit too much like The Cure, probably because of the singer's voice, but the second song picks up the tempo and makes up for the first. Good lyrics as well. Then you flip it over and your ears are jubilous. Although it's in German the music and melody are still excellent with very impressive bass playing. A nice record with a nice cover and well worth it. (EP)

ADRENALIN O.D., "Theme From An Imaginary Midget Western" 12" EP, from Buy Our Records, POB 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088. Best part about this record is the artwork on the outer jacket and the label on the record itself...while the concept is ingeniously goofy, the lyrics are impossible to comprehend on the title cut and come across less campy than one would expect... A relatively unimpressive three songs on this record, sort of a disappointment, since this band has shown themselves capable of a lot more than is expressed here. (Z)

STEEL VENGEANCE, "Prisoners" LP, from Giant Records, POB 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571. Metal with utterly vapid lyrics, a bunch of teenage male Nancy Reagan in leather jackets striking Ozzy Osbourne poses. Curiously enough, as ridiculous as their motivations are, the music is fresh and absorbing as metal goes, bearing a vague resemblance to LED ZEPPELIN... if you can get past the hair gel attitudes and general dumbness, there's some inspired songwriting here. (Z)

STETZ, "Songs of Experience" LP, from Russo Syndicate Records, POB 6141, Union, NJ 07083. Hardcore influenced pop songs, obviously a lot of work went into this stuf, and these guys can play, but there isn't a whole lot in here I would be interested in listening to more than once or twice. Technically everything's there, but it lacks fire, lacks spirit, lyrics about "an exquisite kiss" don't keep me coming back for more. "Face the Truth" is the best cut on the album, but it's a bit drawn out towards the end, "Lies" is not a bad cover of a song the fuckin Beatles made famous, but there's no credits given in the liner notes to the band that wrote it. Will be interesting to see what bands this one copies in the future. (Z)

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH, "Spread Your Filth" LP, from Over the Top, Box 99, Guilford, CT 06437. Better than average thrash crossover material...lots of crunchy guitar lines and shouty vocals, it may be trendy but there's more than enough urgency in here to compensate...a likeable record. (Z)


EUGENE CHADBOURNE, "Kill Eugene" LP, from Placebo Records, POB 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063. This is a collection of live recordings from 1987, all solo, of this zonked out, hip, politically aware guitarist and songwriter. There's some freaky tidbits in between songs, like a phone conversation with a show promoter in Nashville, and some covers of songs you would not expect...this record will definitely keep you guessing and entertained...it's pretty representative of Chadbourne's cleverness and talent. (Z)

FIREHOSE, "if'n" LP, from SST Records, POB 1, Lawndale, CA 90260. Lots of jazz influenced numbers, most of which lack focus. Ed Crawford's vocals are slick but don't have the edge, ditto with his guitar playing. George Hurley and Mike Watt are still powerful as any rhythm section anywhere, but this record leaves me unsatisfied. (Z)

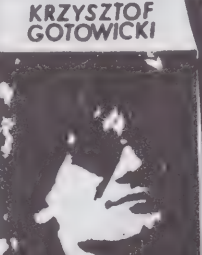
Prisoners- the following are jailed for draft resistance: Mariusz Bajda, Piotr Bednarz, Jacek Borcz, Rafel Bucwol, Slawomir Dutkiewicz (began a hunger strike last Dec. and is now being force fed. His condition is poor and special efforts are asked for his release), Krzysztof Gotowicki, Oskar Kasperek, Leszek Klepacki, Jan Rel, Piotr Rozycki, Kazimierz Sokolowski, Wojciech Wozniak, Piotr Zdrzynicki, and Janusz Zgoda-Zgodzinski.



Piotr Bednarz



JACEK BORCZ



KRZYSZTOF GOTOWICKI

PRISON ADDRESSES FOR POLISH MILITARY RESISTERS

Piotr Bednarz
Areszt Siedlcy
ul. Sobieskiego 90
Wejherowo

Jacek Borcz
Areszt Siedlcy
ul. Mlynska
75-950 Koszalin

Krzysztof Gotowicki
Areszt Siedlcy
ul. Sobieskiego 90
Wejherowo

Hey- please help these guys out! They are from Poland and have been jailed for saying "fuck you" to the military. Send them mail and zeens! Protest letters demanding they be freed do work sometimes! Address them to: General Jarulzelski, ul. Nowy Swiat, 800-097, Warszawa, POLAND.

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E.E. CUMMINGS

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PROJECTS PAST:

"Behind Our Backs"-Secret Government Info tape highlights corruption most often overlooked. (90 minutes)

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"IN THE NICK OF TIME"-More loosely defined, hopefully eclectic, with music/poetry. Your Stuff Needed! (90 minutes)

ALSO: "Someplace Like Earth"-Literary/poetry/art/fiction/collages/newsclippings/ads: zine. Out possibly. Your Stuff Needed!

PRICES:

Behind our Backs - \$1 and two stamps
Dead Air - \$2 post paid
INTERNATIONAL ORDERS-2 pounds, yen, DM, etc.

MORE VINYL

BONGWATER, "Double Bummer" LP, from Shimmy Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116. A double LP of twisted, gnarley, near-performance art type lyrics, set to Phantom Tollboothesque guitars (Dave Rick, the short guitarist from PT plays guitar for BONGWATER also) mixed with strange, politically poignant snippets of radio and TV broadcasts, plus demented versions of familiar tunes ("Dazed and Chinese" has the LEDZEP "Dazed and Confused" with a Chinese sounding vocalist spouting in Chinese restaurantese to the familiar D&C guitar riffs, crazy fuckin' shit), this stuff does indeed have its moments, is very dense, bears the unmistakable Kramer stamp, never takes itself seriously (refreshing these days), have yet to listen to this stuff wasted but it sounds like it was meant for that. (Z)

HULLABALOO, "It's Not Enough to Be Loud, You Have to Suck To", 12" 45 rpm EP, from POB 2129, Cambridge, MA 02238. Punk rock of the scorched earth variety, music to drive 120 miles per hour by. Great outer jacket, that's the best part of the package. The music tends to ramble at times, though. (Z)

LIVE SHOW INHALATION: SINK MANHATTAN, MORE FIENDS, ORIFICE, KING CARCASS, TRIGGERVISION, STRIPMINERS...AN INDUSTRIAL NOISE SITUATION

DATE: MAY 1, 1988

PLACE: PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF ART AUDITORIUM

DE SINK MANHATTAN BAND ORGANIZED THIS SHOW...IT WUZ IN A HUGE HALL WITH GLASS WINDOWS THAT SUCKED UP THE SOUND OUT OF THE SPEAKERS AND SPIT BACK A STUPID ECHO...BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP A FEW HUNDRED PUNKS AND OTHER PEOPLE FROM DIGESTIN THE MUSIC. TRIGGERVISION WAS UP FIRST AND AFTER SEEING THEM SEVERAL TIMES I MUST SAY THIS BAND IS GETTING BETTER EACH TIME, MORE FOCUSED. THEY HAD A TV SET THAT WUZ GOIN THE WHOLE TIME WITH VARIOUS TAPE LOOPS OF CHARLES MANSON THAT I THOUGHT WUZ SORTA POINTLESS BUT THERE WUZ ONE LOOP OF THE POLITICO BUD DWYER BLOWING HIMSELF AWAY, THE THING THAT WUZ ON TV WHEN IT HAPPENED SEVERAL MONTHS AGO. IT WUZ INCREDIBLE WATCHIN THIS POOR DUMB ASSHOLE IN A SUIT AND TIE PUTTING A REVOLVER IN HIS MOUTH, PULLIN THE TRIGGER, GETTING THROWN AGAINST THE WALL BY THE BULLET, AND THEN THE CAMERA ZOOMING IN ON HIS FACE WITH ALL THE BLOOD FLOWING OUT FROM UNDER HIS CHIN LIKE A FUCKIN WATERFALL. AND HIS FACE CRINKLIN UP AS THIS IS HAPPENING, SHRIVELLING UP, YOU COULD SEE THE LIFE OZZING OUT OF THIS GUYS MUG UNTIL IT WUZ JUST A HEAP OF USELESS FLESH, A FUCKIN BLOODY MESS. REALLY

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE...

INTENSE SHIT, AND PEOPLE WERE *ALTER-NATELY TURNING AWAY IN DISGUST AND WATCHING IN FASCINATION, LIKE ME. ANYWAY THE BAND WAS PRETTY COOL, AND D.A. CERTAINLY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE 100+ FEET OF MICROPHONE CABLE, RUNNING INTO THE AUDIENCE AND SCREAMING AT PEOPLE, KICKING PEOPLE IN THE HEAD AND FLIPPING OUT ON THE FLOOR AS IS HIS WONT. MORE FIENDS WERE NEXT, AS USUAL ENJOYABLE BIZARRE PUNK NOISE AND COOL ATTITUDE, DESPITE BASSIST RON'S EQUIPMENT PROBLEMS AND THE DISTRACTING ECHO THAT WUZ PLAGUING ALL THE BANDS. WELL THE CROWD WUZ SORTA LAID BACK, BUT FROM WHAT I HERE THAT'S THE USUAL THING IN PHILLIE, I MEAN NOBODY WUZ DANCIN AROUND, THERE WUZ NO SLAM PIT AT ALL, PEOPLE SEEMED LIKE THEY WERE JUST WATCHIN THE BANDS, NOBODY WUZ EVEN LOOKIN AROUND AT ALL, WHICH IS KINDOFA SHAME, CUZ HUMAN INTERACTION IS FUN, ESPECIALLY AT SHOWS WHERE YOU WOULD THINK EVERYONE IS INTO THE SAME SORTA MUSIC AND RIGHT AWAY HAVES SOMETHIN IN COMMON. SOME PEOPLE I WUZ CHATTIN WIT WHO ARE FROM PHILLIE EXPRESSED THE SAME FEELING, THEY WISHED PEOPLE WERE MORE INTO IT, LESS LAID BACK ABOUT EVERYTHING, HE SAID THAT WUZ ONE OF THE PROBLEMS ABOUT THE PHILLIE SCENE, BUT AT LEAST EVERYONE'S PRETTY FRIENDLY & NON-JUDGEMENTAL IN PHILLIE. IT SEEMED A LOT EASIER TO JUST CONVERSE WITH STRANGERS WITHOUT GETTIN A SNOOTY ATTITUDE THROWN IN YOUR FACE THAN IT IS IN NEW YORK CITY. BUT THEN, NEW YORK CITY IS FAMOUS FOR HAVIN TOO MANY PEOPLE WITH SNOOTY ATTITUDES.

THE THIRD BAND UP WUZ ORIFICE, AND MAN, THEY WUZ POWERFUL. I USUALLY DON'T LIKE DRUM MACHINES OR BANDS THAT USE EM, BUT THESE GUYS HAD ONE GOIN AND THEY ALSO HAD TWO GUYS BANGIN ON OIL CANS WITH STEEL HAMMERS, A GUITARIST AND BASS PLAYER WHO JUST KINDA STOOD AROUND LACKADAISICALLY, AND THE LEAD SINGER AND DRIVING FORCE BEHIND THE GROUP, BRYON, WHO HAS THIS INCREDIBLE ENERGY GOIN FOR HIM BOTH ON & OFF STAGE... THEIR MUSIC SOUNDED A LITTLE LIKE SONIC YOUTH, A BIT MORE MELODIC ORIENTED, BUT JUST AS INTENSE. MOODY, TUNEFUL STUFF THAT TOLD OF WEIRD SUFFERINGS AND PERSONAL DISORDERS AND DISASTERS, REAL HAUNTING AND I WUZ PLEASANTLY SURPRISED TO SEE HOW GOOD THIS RELATIVELY NEW BAND IS. I HEAR THEY'VE ONLY BEEN TOGETHER FOR 3 MONTHS OR SOMETHING, LET'S HOPE WE HEAR A LOT MORE FROM THEM.

KING CARCASS WUZ FOURTH AND THEY WERE OKAY BUT BY THIS TIME SHIT WUZ HAPPENING THAT WUZ DRAWIN ME AWAY FROM THE SHOW. THE 5 SCRUBS I CAME WITH WANTED TO LEAVE AND SINCE I WUZ THE ONLY ONE WHO CUD DRIVE THE CAR I WAS DRAGGED OUT OF THE HALL AGAINST MY WILL, SO I ENDED UP MISSING BOTH STRIPMINERS AND SINK MANHATTAN, BUT THEY PROBABLY SUCKED ANYWAY, SO WHO CARES. ACTUALLY, I'M LYING, SINK MANHATTAN IS THE BAND EVERYONE CAME TO SEE AND I WUZ REAL DISAPPOINTED I HAD TO LEAVE, BUT WHAT THE... I'VE HEARD SINK MANHATTAN CALLED PHILADELPHIA'S EQUIVALENT OF EISENSTURDENZE NEUBATEN. THESE GUYS ARE WAY FOCUSED INTO WHAT THEY ARE DOING, AND INTENSE AS SHIT. AND STRIPMINERS CAME ALL THE WAY FROM ROCHESTER... OH WELL,....

FLORIDA

SCENE REPORT

ORLANDO



QUESTIONS

hi sweetheart,
what are your boobs' names?
are you wearing underwear?
ever had a hickie on your ass?
do you use your tongue a lot?
how often do you cum?
who was your first boyfriend?
how old were you?
ever wear a garter belt?
do you know how to use those nails?

M. KETNER
SEATTLE, WA

Orlando isn't as much for hardcore, as it is for skins and death rock. Hardcore is almost a thing of the past, but with all of the new people moving down here, it could rebound. We have a few hardcore bands here in Orlando, (Declared Ungovernable, Dayglo Zombie, Don't Ask Me, Genitorturers, Craven A, and Target Earth). We also have some alternative bands, (Rose Shadows, The Green Today, John David Baldridge, Naomis Hair, Braille Closet, and Bad Afro Experience).

Lately, we've been getting quite a few bands rolling into town for shows. In the past few months, Gang Green, Goo Goo Dolls, the Exploited, Damage, Life Sentence, Agnostic Front, Megadeth, and a few others have played shows in town. We have four main places that book shows. There is Visage Night Club, Rollins College Student Center, The Warehouse, and The Beach Club Cafe. The shows here usually average about 2 to 3 fights each show. Most of Orlando's shows draw people from as far as Tampa (70mi.) and Melbourne (50mi.).

Although the shows don't come as often as in most large cities, there are places to go. The night club scene is very popular around here. "Visage Night Club" is open to all ages from Thursdays to Saturdays. Thursday nights they play hardcore, industrial, and death rock upon request. Both Friday and Saturday nights, they play industrial and alternative music. "The Beach Club Cafe" is open to all ages on Saturday nights, playing industrial and alternative music. "Spit" is open to 21 and over from Tuesdays through Thursdays, playing alternative tunes. If you like Reggae, both "Decades" and "Negrills Cove" host live reggae bands on Friday and Saturday nights.

We have two record stores that carry new and used hardcore records and tapes, as well as shirts, stickers, posters, and zines. These two stores are "Murmur" and "Waxtree" records and tapes. "Camelot", "Peaches", "Spec's" all have alternative sections in their stores. And "Armadillo" and "Retro Recs" are used record stores. There is an alternative clothing store, "The Spotted Zebra", that sells Bogey's type clothes and jewelry. Also, there are several Army-Navy surplus stores around that carry black, blue, green, and camaflouge bomber jackets as well as combat boots.

As for 'Zines, there used to be a whole shit-load of them. However, the only one in the Orlando area is "Ramblings of a Twisted Mind". I just happen to be the editor of that zine. Currently it is a fold-over, xerox, 34 page zine, but as we get more national recognition, we will go to off-set 8 1/2-11 printing. We have a lot of ideas for the zine, and we will not give up. Even though we are losing money on it, we believe that it is our duty to keep the scene alive here, since all the other zines quit on us (Toxic Chronicles, True Testament, Oblivious Strain, and Flesh Train).

Orlando's not a bad place, and it is definately growing. If you are confused as to where you want to go if you are moving, give it a thought as to giving Orlando a try. We'll give you a warm "Southern Welcome", A BIG FAT BOOT IN THE ASS!!! Just Kidding. You will make a lot of good friends. Orlando is not a bad choice.

-STRUMMER (Editor of Ramblings of a Twisted Mind)

SEDITIONOUS
CONSPIRACY

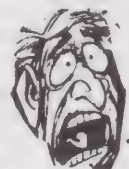
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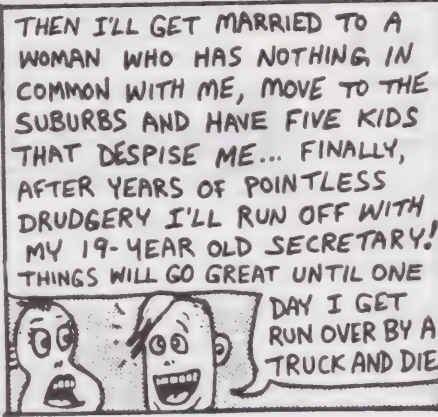
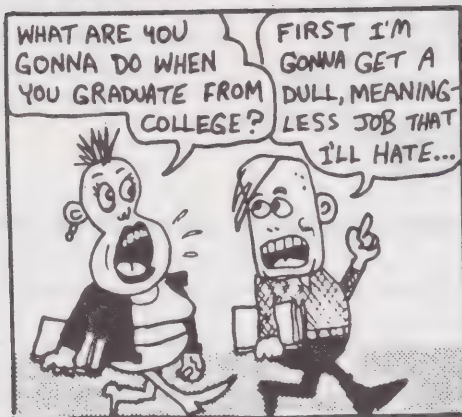
WOODMERE, NY 11598



Love?

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwards @MS

MORE PISSED BOYS..



PLEASE, KIDS! SEE YOUR GUIDANCE COUNSELOR TODAY!!

Z: It's a commercial district or something?
GUS: No.

Z: How come you have no neighbors?

GUS: It's a dead end street. It's only our house there and a hotel, 50 meters away. No problem. Then there's a fire engine station, but that's it. Absolutely no problems.

Z: Great. So that Alternative holds a lot of people?

GUS: Yeah.

Z: How did you find that space? Was it easy to find?

GUS: Not easy to find, but 4 years ago we had another place in the city, quite small. Maybe 2 or 3 hundred people at each show there. So, the guys who meet here are really a lot of people, so then the government said, "We want to close this venue," and all the people there go into the street and say, "We need another one, you can't close it." And there were fights and demonstrations until the politicians

said okay, all right, you get a new house.

Z: So what did it was a bunch of people coming together in the street and demonstrating when they tried to close it down?

GUS: About 3 or 4 thousand- that's a lot of people.

Z: That is a lot of people.

GUS: For a venue. Quite a lot. I think the politicians in Lubeck know, when they didn't give us a new house then their house burning, sure, because the political people in Lubeck and in the whole of Germany are really radical, you know? When they didn't get what they wanted, they went crazy.

Z: 3 or 4 thousand people taking to the streets... that's unheard of around here.

GUS: Yeah, cuz we got a big party in Germany, it's called the Greens, and they support us in all ways. From them alone there were about 1500 people at the demonstration.

Z: Wow! They sent 1500 people?

GUS: Yeah, it's great.

Z: That is great. There really isn't any political party in the United States supporting punk or alternative music. So consider yourself lucky for that.

GUS: I know. Is CBGBs a commercial venue only?

Z: It is only a commercial venue.

GUS: I was there at the record shop. It was interesting but I was a bit disappointed.

Z: I could see how you would be disappointed. It's gone downhill and it certainly doesn't live up to its reputation. And the bands that they have there now--it's strictly a profit making enterprise. The guy who runs the place Hilly Krystal is just interested in making money. He's been at this for so long, it's like 12 or 13 years now at least, that it just seems like he's burnt out. He doesn't really care anymore about new bands. He's just out there to make a dollar and that's it. It's unfortunate.

GUS: At the Alternative, we have no leaders, no owners or nothing like that. All the things are run by collectives. Every Sunday we have a meeting and we talk about everything.

Z: How many people show up at these meetings?

GUS: It's always different. Sometimes 40. Sometimes more. When we talk about important things then we get a lot of people, maybe 50. And we meet in the pub--that's the only space big enough for it.

Z: That's great. There was at one time an attempt at something like that called the Alternative Press & Radio Council here in New York. At one time 30 people would come on a Sunday, once a month, to meetings. That was at its peak. Now it's like nothing anymore.

GUS: I think the problem in New York is that the city is too big, and nobody knows the other. So it's a problem to work out something. But in Lubeck I know all my friends, and the scene is quite small, and so I think it's not a problem then to work something out.

Z: You would think with so many people, 18 million in the Greater New York area, you'd be able to get a couple of thousand interested. But there's only a couple of thousand people in the entire city who go to shows, that's it. But you know, you would think if you went to a smaller city in the U.S. that you would have something, you know, if everyone knew each other say in a city like Minneapolis Minnesota, that's a city of a couple hundred thousand people, it's similar to Lubeck, 250,000, but you don't find that in cities of that size in the United States. That's pretty curious I think. In a smaller city you just don't have that kind of thing--a couple of thousand people taking to the streets because their venue got closed down by the government. I mean it's just unheard of.

"I THINK THE PROBLEM IN NEW YORK IS THAT THE CITY IS TOO BIG; AND NOBODY KNOWS THE OTHER. SO IT'S A PROBLEM TO WORK OUT SOMETHING."

GUS: The difference between Germany and the United States.

Z: It's true. It's true.

GUS: I'm now here for 5 days and I think the attitude between people in Germany and the United States is so different.

Z: In what way?

GUS: Here the people say, "Hi, how're ya doin?" And then that's it, they go away. The first day I was here I kept trying to answer them--

Z: And they weren't even listening?

GUS: They don't want to hear it. And that's all. The first time I was really surprised. And then I was more disappointed, you know? Because they said hi and that's it, then they go on their way. It's different in Germany and the rest of Europe, I think.

Z: Yeah, people will take the time to listen to you there, even if they don't know you.

GUS: Not all the people. Not the normal ones. But the normal people don't ask you "how're ya doin?" They only say hi. If they ask how are ya doin then they stay and listen to your answer (laughs). It's different.

IS WINKLER



LOSING HIS MIND?



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THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION
125 WORTH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

Z: Yeah. It's funny how customs are different in different countries.

GUS: Another thing I will tell you is in Germany venues where punk and hardcore shows are are non-commercial venues. Bands like SCREAM, not MDC, they're playing more commercial venues... but SCREAM, or FIREFIGHT, they played at 20 non-commercial venues and maybe at 10 commercial venues.

Z: How does a commercial venue differ from a non-commercial venue?

GUS: Non-commercial venues don't get any money from the government or the city council. They work out everything by collectives. They have no owner.

Z: So nobody's really making any money at the-

GUS: The money made at shows all goes to the band.

Z: How does the space pay rent, or does it?

GUS: We pay rent, 300 marks a month. That's no problem.

Z: That comes outta your own pockets?

GUS: No, no, that's from the shows. Each show in Lubeck about 3 or 400 people come, because Lubeck is the most popular venue in the whole of North Germany. And it's near the border to Denmark and Danish people come too.

Z: So it's a pretty active scene.

GUS: And we never have fights at shows.

Z: Until this whole thing with the skinheads started?

GUS: Yeah, only there. But inside the venue we never have fights.

Z: Fights are only outside the venue?

GUS: Yeah, because we know all the skinheads in Lubeck, and when one of them wants to see the show, it's not possible. And they're too afraid to test it, I think. Forty years ago these were the people putting their right arms in the air, now they still do it but behind their backs.

Z: You mentioned the Greens. In Germany there's always been an active anti-nuclear movement. Do a lot of the same people go to the demonstrations, the anti-nuke demonstrations as go to the shows & stuff?

GUS: The people that go to the demonstrations against nuclear power stations, they are only a few that also go to the hardcore shows. I think they only go on the the streets when the government says "we want to close the Alternative." Then they go on the streets and say, "No, you can't do this, because this is a free place without any laws." That's really the only time people who go to hardcore shows go on the streets and demonstrate.

Z: You also mentioned your record label. What are you doing with that right now?

GUS: I made one record, the split EP with the

PISSED BOYS and POLITICAL ASYLUM. The PISSED BOYS LP is on X-Mist Records, a label that sells in Germany. Maybe when we get bigger and get more money we put out records for ourselves, but I think the best thing you can do when you got your own band is put the record out for yourself, because then you can control everything. Like Jello Biafra and Alternative Tentacles, like that. That's beautiful, I think. But the EP is the only record I made on the label, mainly for fun. I don't want to make a commercial label, cuz I'm busy enough.

Z: Sounds like it. 2 or 3 shows a month is a lot. How do you advertise your shows? You mentioned posters...do you also advertise on newspapers and on radio? You do mailings?

GUS: We have no radio station that would publicize because all the radio stations in Germany only play pop music.

Z: None of them ever play hardcore?

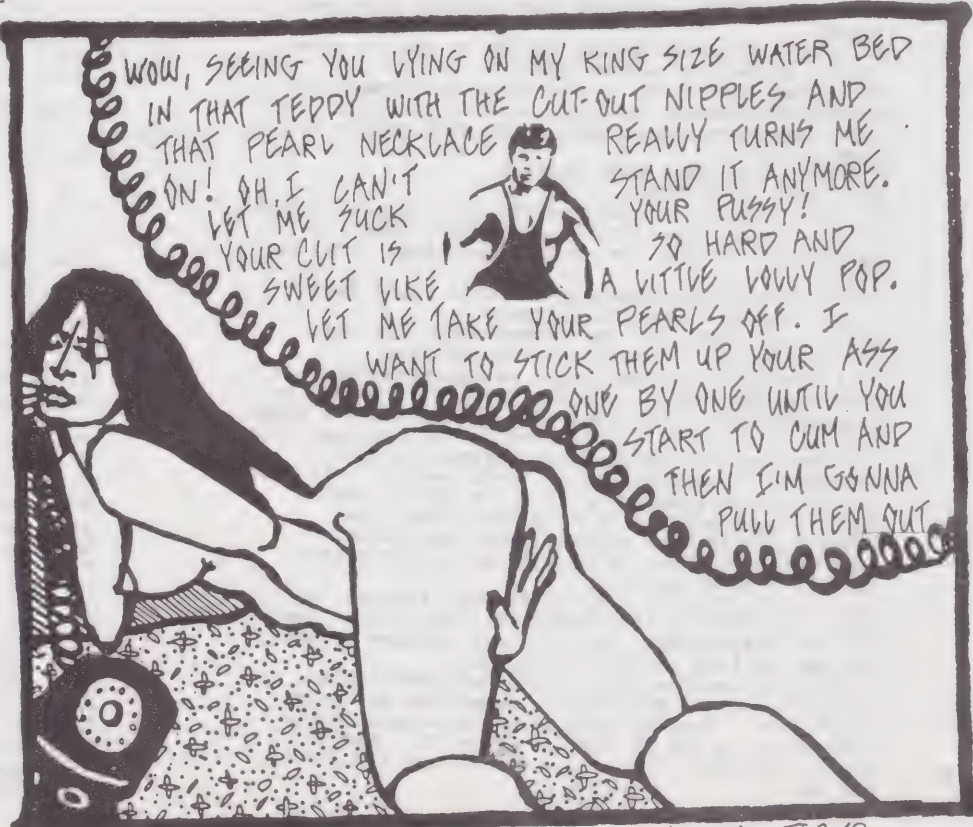
GUS: No. Except one radio station in south Germany, in Freiburg, is a pirate radio station. But once the cops found it, they never wanted to send anything again. It's not legal and we have absolutely no radio stations that play hardcore. Not even metal, only pop and rock music. The newspapers though, they print it. They printed shows and sometimes they printed photos.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CROOKS AND THE COPS?

CROOKS	COPS
STEAL, LIE, AND HURT PEOPLE EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY	STEAL, LIE, AND HURT PEOPLE EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY
KIDNAP PEOPLE	THEY CALL IT ARREST BUT IT IS A FORM OF KIDNAPPING IF INFLICTED UPON AN INNOCENT PERSON
KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE	KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE
DISRUPT LIVES AND DREAMS	DISRUPT LIVES AND DREAMS
DESTROY PRIVACY AND SANCTITY OF ONE'S HOME BY WRONGFUL ENTRY	DESTROY PRIVACY AND SANCTITY OF ONE'S HOME BY WRONGFUL ENTRY
MOST CROOKS ARE MINDLESS UNCARING MORONS AND CAN NOT BE REASONED WITH	MOST COPS ARE MINDLESS UNCARING MORONS AND CAN NOT BE REASONED WITH
BRING MUCH BUSINESS TO HOSPITALS	BRING MUCH BUSINESS TO HOSPITALS
AN INSIDIOUS PLAGUE UPON OUR SOCIETY	AN INSIDIOUS PLAGUE UPON OUR SOCIETY
ALL EFFORTS AT REHABILITATING CROOKS HAVE FAILED: THEY SHOULD BE KEPT INCARCERATED	COPS WILL NOT ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE REHABILITATED: THEY ARE HEAVILY ARMED, HAVE A STRONG NATIONAL UNION, AND ENJOY WIDE PUBLIC SUPPORT: SO DID ADOLF HITLER

OUR CONCLUSION: THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE CROOKS AND THE COPS IS QUITE BLURRED.

(CONTINUED 2 PAGES AHEAD)



EARL R

THE BLUE LOFT: 217 Butler St., Brooklyn. In summertime, a fellow who goes by the name of John Trend opens his doors to maybe 2 or 3 shows in his spacious loft on a deserted street in Brooklyn. An alternative to the Manhattan club scene, where you can see bands play in an intimate setting for a ridiculously cheap price. Sometimes.

TRAMPS, NIGHTINGALE'S, KNITTING FACTORY, BOTTOM LINE, ROCK N ROLL CAFE, KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, BACK FENCE, RODEO BAR, etc., etc., all in NYC. These are the wimp-o-mungus bars, clubs for the "condo elite", where most of the bands play slapped up commercial schlock hoping to become rich and famous stars. Names like Springsteen, Andy Gibb, Frank Sinatra, and Robert Plant are heros all too frequently here. The crowds are full of tourists, yuppies and assorted straights looking for something to do after a stressful week of pencil and paper pushing. The bands here are 2 or 3 times more terrible but the door prices are usually even higher than at CBGBs.

HANK'S CRYSTAL PALACE: Prince St. & Bowery, NYC., 212-? A new venue that is really a divey sorta bar on the Bowery that has recently opened up its doors to bands on weekends. The one time I was there for a show, it was so crowded you couldn't move, get a beer, or inhale, so Malicious dragged me out before I could see the bands (one of the pitfalls of domesticity, I suppose). As in the case in most new venues that book good bands and only charge a coupla dollars (that night it was 3 bands for 3 bucks), the crowd was real cool and ready for action...plus I hear Johnny Stiff is booking a show here soon so it must be pretty good.

JADED SELF- INDULGENT REVIEWS

joaquin (in the fog), a book by peter plate, \$4 from 1844 foothill boulevard, oakland, ca 94606. Peter Plate does it again with a story that cuts thru to the subconscious, roughly 70 pages of prose that surprises inspires and transcendz. This guy has like 7 self-published books out and he writes like a determined madman, besides having a firm grasp of desktop publishing techniques. (Z)

FLIPSIDE #54, \$3, from POB 363, Whittier, CA 90608. The thick and juicy 10-year anniversary issue, with like 225 pages of interviews with every punk band under the sun, lotsa photos, a history of 10 years of this zine and all the stuff they've covered since they started. (Z)

THE BOOK OF FLIES, from John E., Mumbles Publications, POB 8312, Wichita, KS 67208. A book pf less accessible, but in my opinion still intriguing scrawls from one of the underground's most bizarrely talented writers. (Z)

FLESH AND BONES #7, from Jeff, 351 Beechwood Ave., Middlesex, NJ 08846. I wouldn't call this a punkzine, it's too spacey and bizarre, with lotsa underground gnarled out comix influence tossed in, way too much coverage of dumb bands for my taste, lotssa silly pointless macho and left-over pointless capitalist warbling, but still some interesting things in here, freaky mind blowing collages, a hyped-up ridiculously sexist "Wild Women Of Rock" section, some really stupid reviews of meaningless garbage, but lotsa reading in here nonetheless, well worth the 2 bucks he wants for it. A lot went into this, too bad most of it is off-target and offbeat, trying soo hard to be cool that you wonder why the guy bothered in the first place. A quirky zine.

QUIMBY #11, from The Quimby Archives, PO Box 281, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123. \$3. 44 8 1/2 x 11" pages, B&W offset printing, also Quimby Komix also from same address, 20 pages

lotsa material and work, if you can get by the self-conscious artiness in here, which I can't seem to, I dunno, maybe it's just my own bad taste, but something about this thing just strikes as me as pretentious... some of the komix is okay tho, and to its credit QUIMBY has improved a lot, but its still pretentious. (Z)

APA-EROS, "Beyond the Fringe", compiled by Feral Faun, PO Box 48, Monte Rio, CA 95462. A journal of very slimy erotic literature, slurping and sloshing its way across the page. Your fundamentalist friends will have fun with this. (Z)

SLAPDASH HACKERY FACTORY #7, \$1 from his holiness Carl Bettis, POB 32631, Kansas City, MO 64111. Format hiked up to 8 1/2 x 11" with this ish, as always, a tastefully tasteless collection of poems stories and other drivel you just may be smart enough to pick up. (Z)

PUSSY FETCH COMIX, \$1 from Aardvark Farms, POB 785, Glenham, NY 12527. More comix weirdness from these terminally warped undergrinders, somewhat funny, kind of flimsy for a buck, but what the hell, One-Eye on L.I. was pretty funny. These guyz put out lotsa mini-comix... ask for a list and drive em nuts. (Z)

COMBAT OF FLOWERS, #3? from 416 1/2 Escalona, Santa Cruz, CA 95060. A way cool layout, really great eye on whoever puts this thing together, especially mind-blowing cover, sum pritty good rants in here two, definitely one of the best punkture rags around right now, certainly the best coming out of Santa Cruz, that we know about, no wasted space here. (Z)

zines...

SCRAP #5.73, free from Chris Winkler POB 85777, Seattle, WA 98145, or from Mike Schafer, 75 Fairview Ave. #38, NY NY, 10040. Apparently a group effort, this tiny 2 1/2 x 3 1/2" collage zine reflects the bizarre inner workings of dangerous collective unconscious about to explode. Watchout, this zine may be ticking in your hands...give it to your enemies. (Z)

HOOKEE IN THE BAR #1, from Carl Casanova, 171 3rd St., Jersey City, NJ 07302. Free. Actually a lyric book, 3 1/2 x 5 1/2", 8 pages, of Carl's Psycho Sin songs, I think, along with a few other scrawls thrown in. Nice title and cover photo. (Z)

COCOON, poems by Lindley Bhanji from Plutonium Press, POB 85777 Seattle, WA 98145. Bhanji offers up a sensitive vulnerability to the ways of nature and the world, in this 28 page book illustrated beautifully by Chris Winkler. This is not punkture by any means, but neither does it have to be. (Z)



CATTLE/LISZT #16, free from M. Kettner, POB 20518, Seattle, WA 98102. Aces poetry journal, if you don't mind some of the arthaggity poetry in here, the cover is way impressive and some of the collages in here like the thing with captions underneath businesslike mug shots is just hilarious. And you can't beat the price... (Z)

THE LAST WORDS #2, \$1 from 237 Franklin Tpke., Mahwah, NJ 07430. PUNKTURE RAG el supreme, with xeroxed down and dirty splatter poems and Ace Backwordsian comix, a li'l gem of a zine. (Z)

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL, No 4.1, from Joe Singer, Mother of Ashes Press, POB 135, Harrison, ID 83833-0135. I was surprised to see this quite interesting broadsheet full of reviews of underground publications strictly from the point of view of the production techniques used. I don't believe there is anything like this anywhere, and the opinions presented appear to be sound and well-informed. Lotsa zine editors/publishers out there could stand getting the sort of constructive criticism offered in these pages, and should send a sample to the above address to be reviewed. (Z)

TAPE

JOLLIES

+ MORE PISSED BOYS...

BRET HART "Splayfoot Misanthrope" (Carnival music for the Schizophrenic) 13001 Mistletoe Spring Rd #916, Laurel MD 20708: More groovin' weirdness from the same dude what brought yuz "Destination". This is more coherent, but still maintains that dissolving quality. Side 2 has some voice samplings thrown in to round it out, plus xylophones, hyper vacuum cleaners, crushing drum machines an' udder phun stuf. CC

U/A: "SOMEONE SAID": \$3.50 to P.O. Box 2345, Olympia WA 98507: An amazing spoken-word compilation that sounds like it was recorded in a warehouse, in which ten people read, rant and recite various poems, raps and stories. Invite some people over for dinner and play it for them (it's THAT good). At times funny, at times serious, but always interesting. CC

ACRIPPLED HIPPO: "Any of Several Waltzes": postage to P.O. Box 6013, East Lansing MI 48823: This band is the alter ego of the people who do Circular zine. The title comes from Any of Several Heasels, who I'd just told Charlie about. The tape is a series of popular and semipopular waltzes with some grinding, wailing industrial guitar in the background. If you don't like it, Charlie suggests "try thrashing to it." At this price, can you pass it up? CC

TERENCE O'DOYLE "Praise Grandma" and "The truth of the Goat" from P.O. Box 14775, University Station, Gainesville FL 32604: Incredibly doomy distorted gothic rantings recorded live in a cave, tripping and stumbling from one "song" to the next. Brings to mind Dinosaur when they played CBGB's, though Psycho Sin blow them away, with few exceptions. CC

MDL "In the Midst of Delusions": \$4 to Lenin comps, P.O. Box 1562, Ellensburg WA 98940: Overweight ramblings and stagnant musicianship cover scrounging in dumpsters, the merits of mutation, Reagan, confusion, etc. Reminds me a bit of Last Communion, but L.C. are so much better. CC

MR. SUBURBIA "Stories": \$4 to Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527: This tape is compiled by R.A.L.F.'s vocalist. It's a collection of stories detailing the experiences of a college guy who keeps getting himself into embarrassing situations, like when he was forced to fight a female wrestler, or when he threw up in a crowded movie theater. Real cool, gets you to think on his level. Get it. CC

JOHN TREND, "Brains For Sale" cassette, from Blue Loft Prods., 217 Butler St., Bklyn, NY 11217. Very funky, freakshow hardcore... John's vocals are shouted way beyond the point of recognition, becoming comical, tho I'm not sure that was intentional... this is good stuf to play in a room with your mother tied down, that is, unless you're one of those weirdos who actually gets along with their parents. This stuf is like a little kid smashing his trucks against the wall... a total disregard for everything. (Z)

GIRLS DON'T EVEN LOOK MY WAY... AND I'M AFRAID TO MASTURBATE CAUSE I THINK THAT SOMEONE IS WATCHING ME THROUGH A PEEP-HOLE.



WRA7

TEAR GAS

Disperse or else?
But it's too late
I can't breathe
With a burning throat
I can't see
With these swollen eyes
I can't run
On fallen bodies
I can't hide
From tear gas
So I might as well
Pick it up
And throw it back

RAZOR

Z: So really the Alternative clubs are the only place that people have to hear this music?

GUS: Yeah, it is.

Z: Has there ever been a video thing on TV about bands like this?

GUS: Yeah. We have cable TV and a channel called Sky Channel, it's American, and they send a show called "Monsters of Rock." Sometimes they show videos of PRONG and DOA and a couple of New York bands. CRUMBSUCKERS, you know them?

Z: Yeah.

GUS: But it's only 1 hour, once a week. I don't have cable TV, I'm lucky. With cable TV you got 19 programs, normally you have 7.

Z: You could spend your life watchin the TV set.

GUS: I hate TV. Unless, on the normal TV there's one show called "Mosh," but it's only bullshit music. It's more rock, nothing like mosh or cross-over or anything.

"- IN POLAND ALL THE PEOPLE START TO RIOT."

Z: Cross over real big in Germany?

GUS: Yeah it is. It's really big.

Z: How long has that been goin on?

GUS: Maybe 2 years now. Most of the metal and mosh bands came over from the United States. You see a lotta people now with--

Z: Long hair and the whole--

GUS: Sure, and the Metallica and Anthrax T-shirts. It really really looks like the people in America.

Z: Seems like it. How do you feel about that metal stuff? You personally?

GUS: Uuuuh! I don't care. A couple of bands that-- Uhh, I dunno, there were maybe a few bands I'll like the music of, but I don't like the attitude always. I hate it.

CRUMBSUCKERS, their music is quite good, but I don't care about the attitude. You can tell me about them.

Z: Yeah. They're always playin the CBGBs Sunday matinees. And all the bands sound the same, generic hardcore, the attitudes are the same, and it seems it's almost as if a band deviates from the rigid values these bands have setup for everyone, they'll get thrown out of the group and rejected by everyone. So everyone's intimidated into looking, acting, and being the same. You know, it's like, why bother with these people, everyone's so caught up in being the same, all the time, it's like, uh, you know, I'd rather listen to my parents lecture me about uh, "don't do drugs" or somethin. It's the same thing.

GUS: There's only 1 band from New York that I love and that's FALSE PROPHETS.

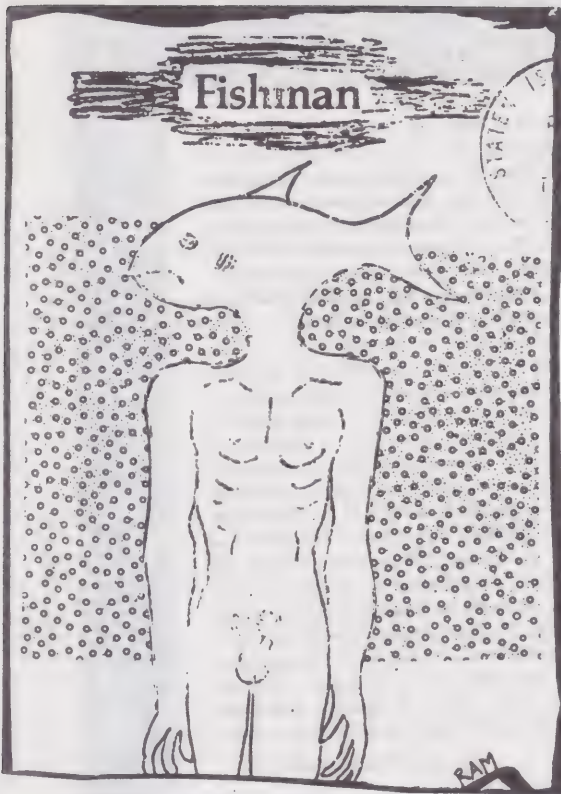
Me and my friends are FALSE PROPHETS fans. We love them, I think the FALSE PROPHETS are one of the best bands from the United States. Another thing I want to tell you is that in Germany there's a big split in the scene. Some people are only interested in music, and they mostly listen to CRUMBSUCKERS, D.R.I., all these bands. On the other hand there are people who are interested in political things, FALSE PROPHETS, and bands like that.

Z: Oh, you have that here too.

GUS: Not the whole scene is great in Germany. We have many many assholes. People who start fights and something like that. I think in Germany now it's the best time for hardcore bands and organizing shows. We have about 30 venues and Germany has only got 60 million citizens. This is quite a lot of venues, I think.

(CONTINUED 2 PAGES AHEAD)

Fishman



BIG BROTHER IS ALIVE!

NOW THAT YOUR TAX DOLLARS PAY THE SALARIES OF A POSTER HIT SQUAD, THE SANITATION POLICE CAN FINE ANYBODY WHOSE NAME IS HANGING ON A LAMPOST THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS... NOW ANY HORNY OLD BASTARD WITH A LITTLE AMBITION AND NO SCRUPLES AT ALL CAN CREATE!

SUSIE'S ORDEAL

SUSIE,
I got 2 thousand posters wit your name in BIG capital letters pasted on every lammpost or every traffic signal box or every highway abutment in this city sez you're gonna fuck my brains out,

SUSIE,
i don't want no more waitin i got your picture on 5 thousand BIG 17 x 22 B & W glossies, backs all drippin with the sloppiest stickiest gooiest cummiest wheatpaste ever concocted

SUSIE,
if you're not sittin on my face by 12 o'clock if you don't try to rip my dick out within the next hour SUSIE, i'm gonna whip out all those posters of you and scotch tape them on every mailbox on every utility pole on every concrete overhang from here to the Battery from the East River to the Hudson

and just you wait, SUSIE,
a sanitation policeman is gonna call your phone at 9 in the morning and disguise his voice as some kind of admirer to put you at ease he'll be unassuming, saying only in passing, "that was your beautiful picture hangin on the lampposted, wasn't it?" and he'll jot down your address, SUSIE.

a week later, him an 3 sad-eyed caffeine fiends carrying police badges will come knockin at your apartment, and even though they get no answer walk right into the building as if it was theirs after weeks of snooping around asking your neighbors all about you, embarassing you, one day these geeks'll finally catch up w/u

SUSIE, YOU'LL GET
10 thousand dollars of fines so lock that door and turn out that light and take off your clothes and get into bed with me SUSIE, and if you don't, the poster police will TAKE YOUR MONEY...

DON'T ELECT
ANYONE
-FOR-
PRESIDENT
IN '88

VAGINA #5

Flames, flames
Everywhere i look, Lord Siva,
Burning with hate and greed

Six doors each engulfed in fire:
The world burns with blind ignorance
The nation burns with martial fever
The city burns with poverty's despair
The neighborhood burns with fear's dementia
My empty bed burns with the ache of loneliness

What mighty stream could quench such flames?
What fireman's hose can douse such conflagrations?
Would a dozen Ganges be sufficient, Lord?
Would ten thousand mantras fill your spacious bladder, Lord?
Or is the task beyond even you,
Mūtrakartr?

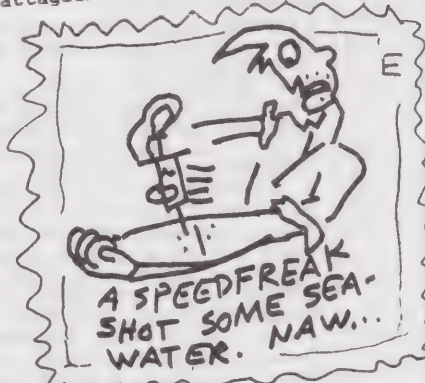
-DONNY THE PUNK

(I sit here)
blowing spit bubbles while
my fingernails make love
to the chin of this cat.
It scratches the hell out of my hand
all the while squinting
in bliss.

-Julia Battaglini 2/28/88

babies n thumbtacks
flying thru the air
babies n thumbtacks
pieces in my hair

Buy SCHAFER
BEER
Too



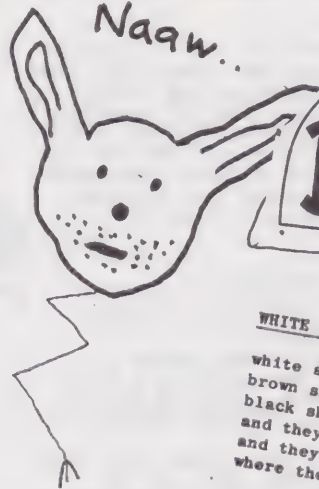
A SPEEDFREAK
SHOT SOME SEA-
WATER. NAW..

A POSTAGE
STAMP



REPLACEMENT OF A LOST OR STOLEN
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BONDEX
HOT IRON FABRIC



Naaw..

WHITE SHIRTS

white shirts
brown shirts
black shirts
and they always wear trenchcoats
and they always are heading for
where the power floats

always feel threatened
always living in fear
no one can be trusted
no one gets near
kicking heads in of scapegoats
hearts filled with hate
getting excited when blood flows
while serving the state

white shirts
brown shirts
black shirts
and they always wear trenchcoats
and they always are heading for
where the power floats

always feel threatened
always living in fear
no one can be trusted
no one gets near
hiding in an office
putting people in files
like remote-controlled puppets
multiplying lies

and they always wear trenchcoats
and they always are heading for
where the power floats

THE EX.

Z: Yeah. A lot of people come back from there and tell me that in Germany there's a lot goin on. You say 30 venues, is that in the whole of Germany?

GUS: In the whole of Germany.

Z: But it's not very far from one end of Germany to the other. You could do it one day in a car.

GUS: From the border of Denmark to the border of Italy, across Germany, it's about 1000 kilometers. That's about 900 miles... it's not that big.

Z: Yeah. What about other countries in Europe right now. Which ones would you say are happening?

GUS: Holland is really great. It's like Germany. People are there in a lot of squatted houses. In Holland people are great. All the organizing is independent. Denmark is not so great. They've only got 3 venues. And I dunno, Belgium is quite quite small country and they've got about 3 or 4 venues. All the people in Belgium-- just look at a punk in the street here, and it's really like Belgium. They try baseball caps and bandannas and Uniform Choice T-shirts, all that stuff. It's really like U.S....and they're not interested in political things, only music. They're more in a commercial way.

Z: What about France? I've heard it's strange.

GUS: Especially strange. Because they've got millions of skinheads, fascist skinheads. The party of Lèpan, at the last count they got 10% of the vote. And you know, if there's a big hardcore show in France, you can be sure this show will be destroyed by fascist skinheads. Probably in France it's really hard to organize things. And all the bands from France, they live more in the '77 style, you know? Colored hair, leather jackets, & the music is really like '77.

Z: What about Italy?

GUS: Most of the guys there turn to metal. The guys I knew 2 years ago, everybody tries short hair, tries a bandanna, and listen to bands like RAW POWER. And now everybody turns to metal. A couple of them are really down cuz there's so many people who use bad bad drugs like heroin or cocaine, something like that, and they're only 3 or 4 venues left. Years ago there were 20 or 25.

Z: So things have gone downhill...

GUS: Yeah, UPSET NOISE played in Lubeck and now they're trying long hair and their music is really really metal.

Z: Is there anything in Germany beyond that. In the U.S. you have industrial type bands...do you see anybody trying to do anything different, like a direction outside of where we are now?

GUS: I dunno. I haven't heard about it. But we didn't make only hardcore shows at the Alternative. We also make other shows, bands that play more industrial sound, or more new wave, or ska, or reggae, something like that. But the biggest shows are the hardcore shows, because most people listen to it. But I never heard about another scene doing independent things. Maybe, but I didn't hear about it.

Z: I thought maybe you knew of a band that was doing something different.

GUS: I'm not only interested in hardcore music. I also listen to other music.

Z: What about East Germany? Have you been over there?

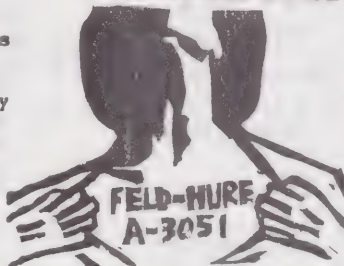
GUS: I've been over there twice. The difference between East and West Germany is like night and day, you know? Because in East Germany, when you want to buy a car you have to wait about 10 years. You have to go to the car seller and ask for the car and in 10 years you get a letter.

Z: (Laughs)

GUS: "Your car is ready man," you know? It's hard to live there, but East Germans know that they get controlled by the government. And so the people stay more together. The feeling is much, much better. In West Germany, everybody thinks they're free. They say, "I'm free," but they aren't. They're controlled by computers and all that stuff. In West Germany you get everything. You go in a shop and buy the stuff that you like, and you get enuff money. And in West Germany you've got social insurance

HUMANITY MANY TIMES has had sad experience of super-powerful police forces. As soon as the police slip out from under the firm thumb of a suspicious local tribune, they become arbitrary, merciless, a law unto themselves. They think no more of justice, but only of establishing themselves as a privileged and envied elite. They mistake the attitude of natural caution and uncertainty of the civilian population as admiration and respect, and presently they start to swagger back and forth, jingling their weapons in megalomaniac euphoria. People thereupon become not masters, but servants. Such a police force becomes merely an aggregate of uniformed criminals, the more baneful in that their position is unchallenged and sanctioned by law. The police mentality cannot regard a human being in terms other than as an item or object to be processed as expeditiously as possible. Public convenience or dignity means nothing; police prerogatives assume the status of divine law. Submissiveness is demanded. If a police officer kills a civilian, it is a regrettable circumstance: the officer was probably overzealous. If a civilian kills a police officer all hell breaks loose. The police foam at the mouth. All other business comes to a standstill until the perpetrator of this most dastardly act is found out. Inevitably, when apprehended, he is beaten or otherwise tortured for his intolerable presumption. The police complain that they cannot function efficiently, that criminals escape them. Better a hundred unchecked criminals than the despotism of one unbridled police force!

—Jack Vance, in *Star King*



If I go to an outdoor barbecue, I wear this.



for everything. If you don't want to work then you go to an institution and get money. It's a lot different than in the United States.

Z: Sure is...

GUS: In East Germany, when you say, "I'm too lazy to work, I don't want to work," the cops come to your house and say, "man, you have to work, it's your choice." It's really strange. The government says that they are communists

but they aren't. It's more of a left fascism, you know? It's terrible there.

Z: Have you been to Poland?

GUS: No, never. Our bass player, our new bass player is from Poland. He's goin back now to Poland. He said everything is goin down there. It looks terrible in Poland. You get 24 liters of petrol in a month for your car, and that's it. You know, things like that. You get only 1 sausage, and 1 piece of cheese.

Z: So the government has a lot of control over what people get.

GUS: And they can't give more to the people, cuz they ain't got nothing. The government has no money. Most of the people in Poland are getting nervous now, starting fights.. in East Germany there were no fights, in Russia there were no fights when everything was going wrong. But in Poland all the people start to riot.

Z: That's what I've been hearing. That the people there are able to for some reason make more noise about things.

GUS: The guy from Poland who's going back, he says in West Germany you get everything, you can buy everything, you can see everything...but, he said, the people in West Germany, they are so cold. They have no feeling (laughs). He said in Poland you didn't get everything but the people are so friendly. That is why he goes back now. I'm really sad about it cuz he's a devil on the bass. He's a jazz musician, you know? And when he plays hardcore and punk, just listen to the record, and you know what I mean. He's a great guy.

You can get a copy of the PISSED BOYS/ POLITICAL ASYLUM EP for 5 bucks from Gustav, at Fuck Your Brain Records, Schaluppenweg 1, 2400 Lubeck, West Germany. Tell him you read about it in BAD NEWZ.

ZINES

RUIN #1: 75 cents to Sean Hipfli, 983 West Court, Nekoosa WI 54457: Nicely done mini musiczine with lotsa interviews with: KGB, Desecration, Gore, Disinfect, Impulse, Manslaughter, Generation Waste and Phantasm, plus cool art, splattermovie backgrounds, reviews an' more. Sean is also affiliated with Road to Ruin Records, who put out NATAS' demo, and a cool comtape called Raging to Armageddon. Cool. CC

LISA DREAMING: \$1 to Oyster Pubs., 723 N. Highland, Arlington Hts IL 60004: This is a story by Eric Cook with illustrations by Rob Caldwell. It follows the life of Lisa, a misunderstood teenage girl whose nightmares begin to bleed over into reality, distorting her perceptions until the only way to go is downhill. This is put out by Lainie, who also does Lime Green Bulldozers (and other related species) and...but a twist of the lip.., both worth checking out. CC

BURNING TODDLERS #3: \$2 to Frank Pubs., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079: If you want a litzine this is IT. Zine & book reviews, how to live on the street, Little Rascals philosophy bulletin, assorted sextuff, poetry, stories, collages, life in a post-literature society, editorials, media critiques, censorship updates, newsclippings an' more. Get it. CC

SERMON CORPROPHILIA: \$? to Nick A. Valle, Box 24144, Lexington KY 40524-4144: A single poem that takes a long scattered look at the state of society. God is the pusher! Must we be infected? CC

LCD: Winter/Spring 1988: Few stamps to WFMU, Upsala College, East Orange NJ 07109: What started out as the program guide for WFMU has blossomed over the issues into a thick newsprint zine with 2 pages reserved for program listings. Strange that this is called Lowest Common Denominator. Attacks, jerks off, distorts and promotes the media with scattered pages in full color. Includes hacked-up editorials on Zionism, the CIA/LSD connection, freemason mystics, KAL flight 007, Kennedy's assassination, AIDS warfare, plus contact addresses, bits o' poetry, comix, ads, backmasking for Satan, multiple conspiracy theories an' more. CC

FERMENTI D'AVANGUARDIA #4: \$? to Via B. Cairoli, 24, 85028, Rionero ITALIA: Since this is in Italian I can't form any valid opinions, but from the few words I can translate, this looks like a good attempt at an underground zine, with a history of the Italian underground in reference to art, zines, music and the rest of the world. Includes an interview with Yugoslavian band Idioten. Get out yer English/Italian dictionary an' read along! CC

HAIRBONE STEW: \$2 to Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 85777, Seattle WA 98145: As the title suggests, you can choke on this stuff! Irreverant snippets, psychotic nursery rhymes and industrial poetry could be dangerous if taken seriously, with text by Jake Berry, illos by Mike Miskowski and book design by Chris Winkler. Can y' spare 2 bucks? Also available: **SCRAP #5.73:** SASE to above address: More gratuitous weirdness snippets and mangled media from Mike Schaefer. CC

RAMBLINGS OF A TWISTED MIND #2, #3: \$1 each from Strummer, P. O. Box 540615 College Park Sta., Orlando FL 32854: #2 has accounts of runins with the police, cool art, comix, poetry, punks on patriotism, editorials, interviews with the Network and Concrete Blonde, etc. #3 has more valid editorials, zine show reviews, more personals, stories, ads, comix, bits on religion, mini scene reports and an interview with Talion. CC

WRITTEN WORD, 7617 North Ridge Drive, Citrus Hts., CA 95610: This is the first issue of this zine, which (as you might guess from the title) is short stories, poetry, and the like. It's truly terrible stuff (not recommended reading on a full stomach), but it's a good idea, this guy's very enthusiastic--he just needs to leave the writing to someone else. (JR)

ALTERNATIVE FICTION & POETRY: #5/6: \$5 to 7783 Kensington Lane, Hanover Park IL 60103: A double issue of the same mag that brought you poetry by Jello Biafra, this ish brims full of surreality with a twist. Includes international stuff by many contributors including Mike Miskowski, Larry Oberc, Luna Ticks, Meikal And's ongoing saga Bystander, plus collages, art, cutouts and a pullout minibooklet of poetry by Chris Winkler. Worth the price. CC

textator

VIALE ALTERNATIVE #1: 25 cents an' a stamp to David Weicksel, 4024 Spruce St. #6, Phila., PA 19104: Dave puts this zine together illegally at his job, so go ahead, contribute to his delinquency! Here are some reasons: an interview with Verbal Abuse, comprehensive record, tape and show reviews, Ronnie loves Gorby, ads and good sentiments all around. CC

BRAIN DEAD #6: \$1.25 to 19 Shadylawn Dr., Churchville PA 18966: This has really grown over the issues, with many samples from professional looking artists, plus comix by John Quinn, Luna Ticks, etc., semiobscure record reviews, an interview with King Carsass, some ads, and editorial ramblings about all the bullshit it took to get this out. Do not use while operating heavy machinery. CC

VOID #1: \$1(?) to 20338 Keswick St., Winetka CA 91306: An alternative skate publication. Stuff here ranges from 1985 to the present. Many clear skate photos scattered around zine listings, record reviews, fliers, ads, skate art, an article on skate demos, cool show reviews with more clear photos, poseurs guide, a German scene report, lyrics from Crass, comix, an intro to Blyth Power and interviews with Negative Gain, Naturecore and Group Of Individuals. Cool. CC

A HOUSE UNITED AGAINST ITSELF: \$1 to Rev. Etc., Box 4431, Ann Arbor MI 48106: Certified sacred by the Church of the SubGenius, this leaves an aftertaste of that old time religion when priests were jesters and simpletons ruled. Sound familiar? My priest's a lawyer. Find out why neckties make people stupid, or how to bless your vagina (considering you have one). Amen to that, Rev! CC



SIT IN MUD

MORE

BRANDY-BUDDAH-BREWHAHA

PUBLICATIONS

BURNING TODDLERS #2, \$2 from Frank Publications, POB 56942, Phoenix, AZ 85079. 40 5 1/2 x 8 1/2" pages of poetry, opinions, comix, mail art, nifty 2-color cover, plenty of shit for a dog to sniff, especially dug Oberc's "Dogs" and Lawrence Livermore's "LSD in the Eighties". Miskowski, Kuperberg, Winkler, Bob Black, Charlie Ray, and yours truly all find rooms in this cheap motel of a zine. Interesting employ of computer graphics in here 2, not overdone as is too often the case editors become like kids with new toys going wild wit desktop newfangledness, but no so in here. Well wurt checkin out, and delicious title tells a lot about where this stuph comes from. (Z)

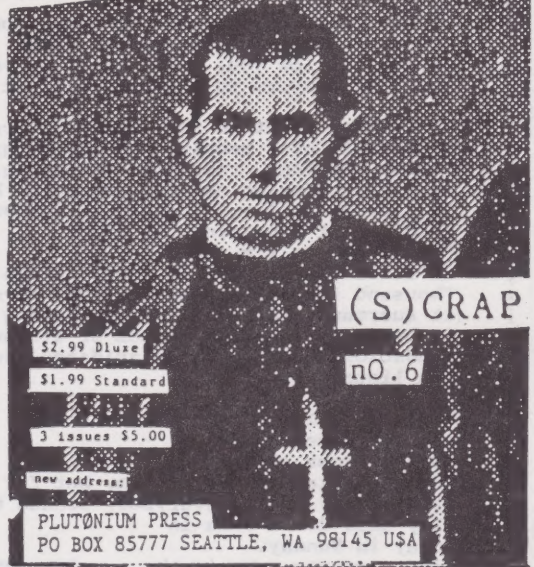
MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL, PO Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701, \$1, latest ish is #60, still the granddaddy of punk zines with no sign in sight of it declining. Coverage of zillions of punk bands. (Z)

WONTON CARRUBA COMIX, \$1 from Aardvaark Farms, POB 785, Glenham, NY 12527. 24 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 pages, alternating the cornball Dinky-Doo with the more intriguing Dead Kid and Johnnie Agony series, all underground comix, all demented and sick enuff to turn your stomach pumps on to maximum with. (Z)

NOMADIC UNDERGROUND #7, \$1 from Brad Sigal, PO Box 18672, Washington, DC 20036. 28 pages, clearly printed and nicely crammed full of reviews, photos of bands, interviews w/ punk bands SHUDDER TO THINK and DARKNESS AT NOON, opinions, good coverage of DC scene, a nifty zine w/a likeable approach. (Z)

SOCIAL MUTATION #3, from Gipp Klein, 407 Allen Rd., Marshall, MI 49068. I think it's 50¢. Puncture zine with wacko tilt that also works in comix and even some positive peer pressure propaganda (what's your latest trendy political dogma? POSITIVE YOUTH), but I like that you've got the punk culture tied in with the free form scrawl in here. (Z)

THE FRAGMENTAL eXCESS



(S)CRAP

n0.6

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3 Issues \$5.00

New Address:

PLUTONIUM PRESS

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JELLY JESUS
ON TOAST

Your First Amendment Right to Free Speech is Endangered

The New York City Sanitation Department, using a special police force that isn't governed by the rules and regulations of ordinary police, has in the last six months wantonly harassed and intimidated small businesses, artists and others.

Oh Lucile - a Frank Zappa inspired love sonnet

"Oh Lucile -
whats the deal
Oh Lucile -
whats the deal"

are we gonna go out tonite
are we gonna kiss in the moonlighty light

or will you scream and smack my face
if I go for that midnight embrace
if I try to get my fingers down yer pants
so we can have some true romance

"Oh Lucile -
whats the deal
Oh Lucile -
whats the deal"

are we gonna pant tonite
in the moonbeamy light
will we spread our legs over each others face
and bury our mouths in that opium taste

"Oh Lucile
whats the deal"
"Oh Lucile
whats the deal"

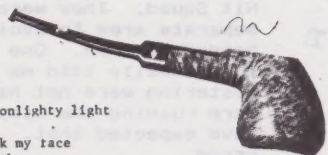
are you gonna get yelled at by your mom and dad
are you gonna pass up more fun
than you ever had

we offer each other tasty morsels
and unending delights
in that low shadowed beam
of the moonlighty night

Lucile your name drips drooling from my lips
will you open that nectorous valley
into which my quivering member can slip?
can we rock, rattle and shake
and ooze and slurp our way
sliding and slopping into the late?

or is maw and paw gonna be out a-chasin us
with hoos and rakes
and beat our humping be-bopping behinds as red
as the red in their face

oh Lucile, can't two kids jest have some licks n love
in this world a-woe
does it hafta be so hard to shake it
in the moonlighty glow...?



Without even any prior warning, the sanitation police are attacking the constitutional rights of those who depend on the use of handbills to communicate with the public. Thousands of dollars in fines are being given to individuals accused of posting handbills—even for a first offense.

The Sanitation Department has set up a "hearing unit" that automatically convicts accused handbillers no matter what defense they may present. We know of no one who has ever been found innocent in this kangaroo court, and the fines—even for poor persons—are often thousands of dollars.

One small dance studio was fined a full \$650 for having posted 13 handbills. An organizer of small bands and concerts has been hit with an overpowering fine of \$3,700 after the Sanitation Police managed to collect 74 leaflets from around the city, bearing his name. But while these official abuses occur, absolutely no prosecution has taken place against big-time promoters who hang posters three times the size of the present sheet of paper, all over New York. Plainly, this persecutory and censorious campaign has the sole intent of dictating what shall be approved cultural values and events in this city.

Protest This Abuse!

At the same time that the law is being employed in this discriminatory way, the arbitrary new enforcement procedures do nothing to clean up litter; they simply extort money from those who are thought to be too poor to fight back.

If you object to selective prosecution and cynical enforcement of value systems under the guise of a "cleanup", please communicate your disapproval to newspapers, radio call-in shows and other media. We urge you also to go on record with formal complaints to the Sanitation Department and higher echelons of city government. We understand that the Sanitation thugs, at 125 Worth St., 10013, are receiving hundreds of letters of outrage and complaint; why not add yours to the pile?

Tell your friends about this issue; show them this leaflet, spread the word!

Remember—when the government can dictate what posters may appear in public, not only news but politics, social philosophy and human thought in general comes under the scrutiny of these same ignorant and authoritarian bureaucrats. To preserve your own freedom of speech and press, PROTEST NOW, before you lose the opportunity.

JESUS BE QUICK

PROTEST!

It's cold around us

This is a dead city. Dark whirlpool, its eyes wait to swallow you, it can suck you into itself....
If you stay here, you'll also be just a pair of eyes, with

Dense, black mass, its eyes watch you,
Icy-cold knocking, impersonal steps
Shadows follow you, watch you, spy you,
Say your prayers to the non-existent Heaven.

Everything wrapt in fog, hopeless gray walls,
hopelessly grey people, hopelessly grey words.
Frozen feelings, repressed screaming, in the mystic silence of
misery, suffering nervous depressed humans tear their chains,
The sorrow is law, slogans are loaded.
Frigid east wind scoop to bone
People shout: I'm your hangman,
We'll be One you and me, even if you don't want it to be.
Thousand faced phantom damns you forever
It surrounds you with its disgusting body and doesn't let you go.
It opens its hundred mouths of its hundred heads to speak,
Mendaciously preaches dilapidated ideas.
You listen to...

The grey balloon clothes rustling
as they come and go
as they come and go...
Irresistible wish to scream, but for who?...
It's Sunday today, everybody locked themselves up today...
They also don't come in
Today is Sunday.
Dinner guests take in the squalor, greasy mouths luxuriate in the
rest of their minds,
They sip ideology from glasses
lie down and dream...
Ready made weekend smiles,
White cover on dirty table
look how billboard-lights shine,
look how red stars glitter
look how they gobble,
how happy they are...

But you,
you steeled yourself with cynicism.
But hate gnawed through you,
You've hated enough, till when must you continue?

how many are there of them?...
In nerve-cells, conscious snatches dance death-dance,
Reality bombs fall to the brain,
From radio, a voice shouts "Liberty"
Being alone, among 4 walls.
...I touch myself, I'm still alive...
So I keep myself alive...if you can call it "LIFE"
from long dream I wake slowly,
I slowly wake and slowly freeze to death.

-The sky closes its blue eyes,
The house closes its many eyes,
You'll be fireman and soldier,
You can get everything but the dreams never,
Don't close your blue eyes, here is the end of dreaming,
The cold of our age also reached them...-

I want the reality!
The house search, the questioning, the detention, the violation,
of the privacy of the home,
The reality!...the white, the black, the red,
the communist Saturdays.
the starvings, the meter-snow
the soul's ice-fields the frozen ones,
The tale lies, it's the end of dreaming,
the coldness of our age also reached them.

/Tamas Rupaszov
TROTTEL 88...

HUNGARY.

YOU MUCH TO START?

"The world is turning
to menthol,
it's sterilizing people!"
-lady on the train



now to use proven
"People Power" strategies to help you



MAY 4th PROTEST AGAINST UNFAIR ENFORCEMENT
PRACTICES OF NYC SANITATION POSTER POLICE

Place: 125 Worth Street, Manhattan...
main offices of the Sanitation Dept.

The second protest conducted by the
VICTIMS OF THE POSTER POLICE group (the
first was on February 6th) attracted
a crowd of about 30 protesters armed with
signs, leaflets, petitions, and letters to
the city council. About 10 cops were there
waiting for the festivities to begin, and
they promptly erected a barricade behind
which the protesters had to stand so as not
to block the sidewalk. The weather was
beautiful, warm and sunny, and the lunchtime
pedestrians along Worth Street appeared to
be interested and mostly sympathetic. Many
people signed petitions and letters, and
there were even reporters and photographers
from the New York Post and the New York Times
in attendance.

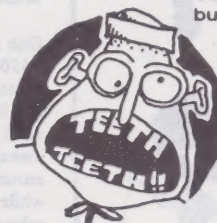
Interestingly enough, two old ladies
from a Community Board in Queens showed up
holding placards in support of the Poster Law
Hit Squad. They were cordoned off in a
separate area to avoid getting their heads
handed to them. One anal retentive business-
man actually told me he thought the fines for
postering were not harsh enough, that posters
were ruining the city, but I guess I should
have expected that. There's one in every
crowd.

Just what effect this action will have
we don't know yet. One thing is for sure
though, VICTIMS OF THE POSTER POLICE is
getting stronger and more effective as an
organizing force, and it isn't going to go
away. Not until something is done to change
this law and the poster police are out of
business for good.

ORGANIZED



AGAINST
GOVERNMENT.



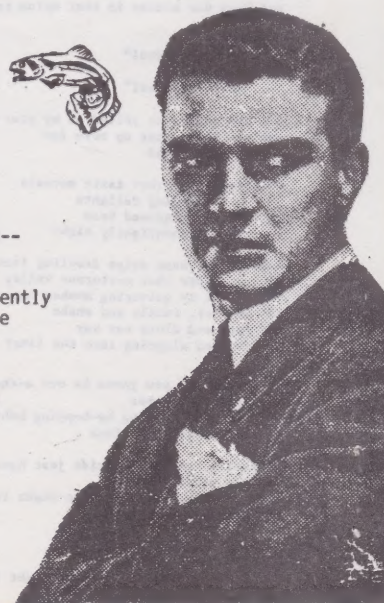
DEAR BAD NEWZ:

Latest thing here is a push to tighten up the post laws--
currently a \$5 fine.

These "local" things seem to be going on all over. Recently
heard from Dan Destructo that their practice performance
space was busted in Venice, Florida.

It all reminds me an awful lot of the endless (and
ultimately successful) "legal" harassment of hippies 20
years ago.

Good luck & kick HARD
Rev Etc.
Ann Arbor, MI



TALES FROM THE COCKPIT:
THE SECRET LIFE OF LUNA TICKS

I will now reveal some facts to Popular Reality, er, um, I mean, Bad Newz: Luna Ticks real name is one Colonel Stella Agway; Colonel Stella Agway was the first member of the female race to pilot a commercial airliner; she got her wings in 1959; I was her copilot; It was sunny, with the wind north-northwest, at 9 mph...

Our first flight was from San Francisco to Denver. As things were old fashioned in '59, the crew was of course nervous at having a woman captain. But take-off, altitude-climb, flight-path and flight were smooth and by the book. Within a half an hour one Colonel Stella Agway became just another highly trained, polished, professional pilot to us, no more, no less.

Then we hit the Rockies. It's standard to encounter turbulence while flying over mountainous areas, and one Colonel Stella Agway politely informed the passengers as to that fact. About midway through the range though one Colonel Stella Agway turns to me and says "watch this pecker" - she tipped the wings at a seventy-degree angle! The flight was in a panic. Passengers, crew, food carts, cups of coffee all tumbling, spilling, and careening into one another. It only lasted a few seconds as one Colonel Stella Agway quickly - but with a seeming deliberance - straightened the plane (and I'll always remember her turning to me with that strange smile that I did not initially understand). She then did a remarkable job calming the passengers, "explaining" that we had just hit an "air pocket". She reassured everyone by "explaining" that "air pockets" were a natural but unpredictable phenomena and that there was no danger. By now the sobs of the passengers were quieting.

I was furious. This could not go unreported. But I decided to keep silent until all was secure after we had landed. This was no time for an argument as the flight was still in somewhat of a distracted state.

At Denver as we waved the injured and wounded off the plane one Colonel Stella Agway turned to me and hissed "If you report this as anything other than an air pocket, I'll have your wife and children killed". I now understood. I was immediately enraptured by this woman. I was in love.

Fave Four/Fave Flights

Over the years I had many joyous flights with one Colonel Stella Agway, tumbling passengers to and fro from coast to coast. Chartered flights for Rotary and Elks clubs were a favorite. Forget wing tipping - she'd suddenly straight dive the plane thousands of feet! The aisles quickly filled up with coronaries.

Some flights were particularly memorable. In '65 one had the Beatles aboard. After a half dozen wing tips, the passengers were in understandably bad shape. As was her habit, the Colonel would often leave the controls to me so she could go back and soothe and reassure the flight. Well this time she made a beeline for the Beatles and found a Paul McCartney whimpering uncontrollably. She began slapping him across his face and head yelling "Snap out of it!". Then she grabbed his hairdoo and began yanking, this time screaming "I bet it's a wig!". The passengers stared on in disbelief and shock.

She would announce fake hijackings, aim straight for the top of the Empire State Building, and have "emergency landings" in Red China during the height of their anti-U.S. period. Ambulances always met her arrivals.

Steady Decline/Final Approach

At first the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) accepted our flight reports as standard explanations: air pockets, wind currents, storms, evasive manoeuvres to avoid other flights etc. But a pattern of overkill naturally developed as every flight had at least one incident, and passenger complaints were mounting. Finally the FAA ordered an investigation. It proved nothing though as not only myself but all crew and even ground maintenance teams and control tower operators were in cahoots with the Colonel.



AGWAY IN 1962

Broken Wings, Cancelled Golf Matches

Nevertheless, ultimately something did have to give. The Colonels flights had now become a pre-occupation with the press, especially after the Red China landings. (American commercial airliners returning with bright red sickles and hammers and quotes from Mao painted on them, along with stories of U.S. businessmen being dragged off jets and beaten by enraged Chinese students, made for sensational copy). It was now 1967 and I remember quite clearly the Colonel and I being called onto the carpet by FAA head Raymond Barnes. Barnes wasted no time. He called for our immediate resignations. At that the Colonel calmly pulled out a pistol, licked its' barrel, and said "Hey Ray, how's the golf team?". He turned white, and she unceremoniously walked out of the room. Three days later headlines blazed of a golf team rubbed out by a pistol wielding assailant. One of those killed was Ray Barnes. His team that weekend was to play Sinatra, Dean Martin and some other celebrities, except now there would be no tee-ing up. The murders were never solved, and I never saw the Colonel again.

Years Later

It's now 1988. Recently I heard thru the grapevine that Colonel Stella Agway is living in Baltimore or possibly Philidelphia. Rumor has it that she's a frizzed blond cartoonist pornographer, leading a hardcore band and calling herself "Luna Ticks".

I guess mellowness comes with old age. But it hurts to see someone like Colonel Stella Agway, once so vibrant and in command, succumb to the ravishes of the years.

Memories

The memories I have of the Colonel are so bitter-sweet and lucid, that I have decided to write her biography. I'm calling upon the public for first person narratives of encounters with her flights. I would appreciate letters and documentation of events from former passengers, Red Guards etc.

I'd like to make special mention of Paul McCartney, and thank him for his tireless efforts in backing my project.

Please send any and all information concerning one Colonel Stella Agway (aka "Luna Ticks") to:

Captain "b"oB McGlynn
President, Wino Airlines
528 St. Brooklyn N.Y., 11215
USA

She flew
high, not
only in
the sky

I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO CARES
ABOUT ANYTHING??



P.S. I'm serious about wanting submissions. Send in any old fantasy collage, etc. I'll collect the best stupe or maybe all of it and make a zine of it. All contributors will get copies. Hey- try to send some bread too so I can afford the fuckin thing! yuk yuk

STOP PROSECUTING GRASS-ROOTS ORGANIZERS

STOP-GRO is endorsed by:

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Tin Pan Alley
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No More Censorship Fund
Audiofile Tapes
Maximum Rock 'n' Roll
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John Eberly
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Mayhem Comix
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Insomniac Sessions
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Uggy, Cheap & Sticky
Lunatic Ticks
Blowfish
Scrap 'zine
Mechanical Sterility
Emotional Vomit 'zine
Raw Bone 'zine
The Blanks
The Layabouts
Mumbles
Psychic Violents
Van Gogh's Ear
Charlie Ray
Butthole Blues 'zine
Brian Clemens
Selected Ooze zine
Brat 'zine

125 East 23rd Street, No. 300, New York NY 10010

STOP PROSECUTING GRASS-ROOTS ORGANIZERS (STOP-GRO):

WHAT IT DOES...

STOP PROSECUTING GRASS ROOTS ORGANIZERS fights oppression of those who do not have the resources to fight by themselves, particularly those oppressed by government coercion or harassment, and especially on behalf of counter cultural types who are singled out and attacked due to their anti-lifestyle, their strange habits, their radical views, etc. etc. STOP-GRO in particular seeks to aid those who are actively threatening the usual way of numb, stupid consumeristic life.

STOP-GRO is currently assisting Bob Z in his fight against the New York City Poster Police, who have fined him \$22,200 for the suspected posting of flyers that announced a punk poetry reading on city-owned lampposts. Having gathered the support of subversives of every stripe, STOP-GRO has succeeded also in assembling a team of attorneys who specialize in First Amendment cases...New York City and its dickless Mayor Koch are attempting to shut down the production of grass-roots, community information by issuing enormous fines to people like Z. STOP-GRO has been hard at work mobilizing public opinion and professional legal help in a struggle to put the City Poster Police Unit out of business, permanently.

When the authorities can decide what gets posted and what doesn't, they become the arbiters of cultural expression, completely destroying any notion of free speech under the guise of cleaning up litter. STOP-GRO would like to receive any newspaper or magazine clippings you can find on the subject of postering, any names, authors, and titles of books you can find on the use of posters as a means of communication. This information does not have to be limited to the use of posters in the modern era, nor does it have to be limited to the use of posters in the United States. Any book or article, on any use of postering at any time in history is what we would like to know about. This information will be forwarded onto the Civil Liberties attorneys who are working on this case, and will serve as the background research they need to show that posters are indeed not litter, as the authorities may claim, but a viable means of art, of community information, and of cultural expression. Neo-Fascist governments have always treated posters as litter, giving them a necessary excuse to limit and control public information to their own

advantage. This is precisely what STOP-GRO is dedicated to smashing... we are out to bust the bureaucratic balls of these Sanitation thugs.

In addition to any information you can find on the use of postering throughout history, in the form of a book list with title, author, and page numbers where this information is listed, and/or zeroxes of this stuff or of articles that talk about posters, STOP-GRO needs your overtly generous donations to continue its operations. STOP-GRO will continue to mount demonstrations on the street outside the Sanitation Offices. STOP-GRO will continue to pester mainstream TV and press people for more stories on the Poster Squad. STOP-GRO will continue to fuel the legal campaign directed at completely wiping out this law, which permits a collection of uniformed goons known as the Poster Police to coerce, harass, and intimidate community organizers.

Send your contributions to STOP-GRO at the regular Bad Newz address.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE...

Mainstream press and TV have been carrying stories on the plight of various victims of the poster police here in New York City. 2 local TV news stations carried stories at the end of April, and THE NEW YORK POST, THE NEW YORK TIMES, NEWSDAY, THE VILLAGE VOICE and several smaller newspapers have also printed articles. Local radio stations have done interviews with several victims. All of this publicity was a result of both the efforts of STOP-GRO and its sister group, VICTIMS OF THE POSTER POLICE, which is composed mainly of people who have been issued summons for postering in New York.

The authorities show signs of bowing to our pressure. The Commissioner of Sanitation has reportedly agreed not to issue multiple fines amounting to thousands of dollars until a suspected violator has been given a few days to remove his or her posters...whether or not this is hot air or an actual procedural change has yet to be determined.

KEEP US POSTED

If you hear of any prosecutions for postering in other cities, please be sure to get in touch with STOP-GRO and VICTIMS OF THE POSTER POLICE. VOPP's address is 496 Laguardia Pl., #254, New York, NY, 10012.

Address your letter of righteous outrage at the unfair enforcement practices of the city Poster Squad to: Commissioner Brendan Sexton, Department of Sanitation, 125 Worth Street, New York, NY 10013.
(THEY WILL SEND YOU A FORM LETTER IN RETURN).